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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1912. SEVENTY-SEVENTH YEAR, NO. 12

The Purchase Price

by EMERSON HOUGH

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The old man dropped his spade. "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, and looked all about, around, then at last up.

"Ah! Bon jour, Mademoiselle!" he said, smiling and taking off his old fur cap. "You spik also my language, Mademoiselle?"

"Mais oui, Monsieur," rejoined Josephine; and addressed him further in a few sentences on trivial topics. Then, suddenly resolved, she stepped out of her own room, passed softly down the stair, out through the wide central hall, and so, having encountered no one, joined the ancient man on the lawn. It chanced he had been at labor directly in front of one of the barred lower windows. He now left his spade and stepped apart, essaying now a little broken English.

"You seeng my song also, Mademoiselle? You like the old song from Canadian village, aye? I seeng heem many tam, me."

"Who are you?" demanded Josephine.

"Me, I am Eleazar, the ol' trap man. Summers, I work here for Monsieur Dunwodee. Verr' reech man, Monsieur Dunwodee. He say, 'Eleazar, you live here, all right.' When winter come I go back in the heel, trap ze fur-r, Madame, ze cat, ze h'ottaire, ze meenk, sometime ze coon, also ze skonk. Pret' soon I'll go h'out for trap now, Mademoiselle."

"How long have you been here, Eleazar?" she asked.

"Many year, Mademoiselle. In these contree perhaps twelf't—thirt' year, I'll don' know."

"Were you here when the lady lived here?" she demanded of him directly.

He frowned at this suddenly. "I'll not know what you mean, Mademoiselle."

"I mean the other lady, the wife of Mr. Dunwody."

"By faith! Monsieur Dunwody he'll live h'alone here, h'all tam."

She affected not to understand him. "How long since she was here, Eleazar?" she demanded.

"What for you'll talk like those to me? I'll not know nossing, Mademoiselle. I'll not even know who is Mademoiselle, or why she'll been here, me. I'll not know for say, whether Madame,' whether "Mademoiselle.' Miss 'Mademoiselle'—que je pense."

She looked about her hastily. "I'm here against my wish, Eleazar. I want to get away from here as soon as I can."

He drew away in sudden fright. "I'll not know nossing at all, me," he reiterated.

"Eleazar, you like money perhaps?"

"Of course, yes. Tout le monde il aime l'argent."

"Then listen, Eleazar. Some day we will walk, perhaps. How far is it to Cape Girardeau, where the French people live?"

"My son Hector, he'll live there wance, on Cap' Girardeau. He'll make the tub, make the cask, make the barrel. Cap' Girardeau, oh, perhaps two—t'ree day. Me, I walk heem once, maybe so feefty mile, maybe so seexty mile, in wan day, two-t'ree a little more tam, me. I was more younger then. But now my son he'll live on St. Genevieve, French place there, perhaps thirtee mile. Cap' Girardeau seventy-five mile. You'll want for go there?" he added cunningly.

"Sometime," she remarked calmly. Eleazar was shrewd in his own way. He strolled off to find his spade.

Before she could resume the conversation Josephine heard behind her in the hall a step, which already she recognized. Dunwody greeted her at the door, frowning as he saw her sudden shrinking back at sight of him.

"Good morning," he said. "You have, I hope, slept well. Have you and Eleazar here planned any way to escape as yet?" He smiled at her grimly. Eleazar had shuffled away.

"Not yet."

"You had not come along so far as details, then?" smilingly.

"You intruded too soon."

"At least you are frank, then! You will never get away from here except on one condition."

She made no answer, but looked about her slowly. Her eyes rested upon a little enclosed place where some gray stones stood upright in the grass; the family burial place, not unusual in such proximity to the abode of the living in that part of the country at the time.

"One might escape by going there!" she pointed.

"They are my own, who sleep there," he said simply but grimly. "I wish it might be your choice; but not now; not yet. We've a lot of living to do yet, both of us."

She caught no note of relenting in his voice. He looked large and strong, standing there at the entrance to his own home. At length he turned to her, sweeping out his arm once more in a gesture including the prospect which lay before them.

"If you could only find it in your heart," he exclaimed, "how much I could do for you, how much you could do for me. Look at all this. It's a home, but it's just a desert—a desert—the way it is now."

"Has it always been so."

"As long as I can remember."

"So you desire to make all life a desert for me! It is very noble of you!"

Absorbed, he seemed not to hear her. "Suppose you had met me the way people usually meet—and you some time had allowed me to come and address you—could you have done that, do you reckon?" He turned to her, an intent frown on his face, unsmiling.

"That's a question which here at least is absurd," she replied.

"You spoke once of that other country abroad——," he broke off, shaking his head. "Who are you? I don't feel sure that I even know your name as yet."

"I am, as you have been told, Josephine, Countess St. Auban. I am French, Hungarian, American, what you like, but nothing to you. I came to this country in the interest of Louis Kossuth. For that reason I have been misunderstood. They think me more dangerous than I am, but it seems I am honored by the suspicions of Austria and America as well. I was a revolutionist youder. I am already called an abolitionist here. Very well. The name makes little difference. The work itself——"

"Is that how you happened to be there on the boat?"

"I suppose so. I was a prisoner there. I was less than a chattel. I was a piece of property, to be staked, to be won or lost at cards, to be kidnapped, handcuffed, handled like a slave, it seems. And you've the hardihood to stand here and ask me who I am!"

"I've only that sort of hardihood, madam, which makes me ride straight. If I had observed the laws, I wouldn't have you here now, this morning."

"You'll not have me long. If I despise you as a man without chivalry, I still more do so because you've neither ambition nor any sense of morals."

"You go on to improve me. I thank you, mademoiselle—Eleazar was right, I heard him. I like you as 'mademoiselle.'"

"What difference?" she flared out. "We are opposed at all angles of the human compass. There is no common meeting ground between us. Let me go."

He looked at her full in the face, his ow nfeatures softened, relenting for a time, as though her appeal had touched either his mental or his moral nature. Then slowly, as he saw the excellence of her, standing there, his face dropped back into its iron mold. "You are a wonderful woman," he said, "wonderful. You set me on fire—and it's only 8 o'clock in the morning. I could crush you—I could tear you to pieces. I never saw your like, nor ever shall. Let you go? Yes! When I'm willing to let my blood and soul go. Not till then. If I were out in that graveyard, with my bones apart, and your foot crossed my grave, I'd get up and come and live again with you—live—again. I say, I could live again, do you hear me?"

She broke out into a torrent of hot speech. He did not seem to hear her. "The wrong of it," said he, "is that we should fight apart and not together. Do as you like for today. Be happy as you can. Let's live in the present, as we were, at least for today. But tonight—"

He turned swiftly, and left her, so that she found left unsaid certain questions as well as certain accusations she had stored for this first meeting.

CHAPTER XII.

The Night.

That night, Josephine St. Auban did not sleep. For hours she tossed about, listening. Infrequently, sounds came to her ears. Through the window came now and again faint notes of night-faring birds, southbound on their autumnal migration. Once in a while a distant step resounded in the great building, or again there came the distant voices of the negroes singing in their quarters beyond. The house had ceased its daily activities. The servants had left it. Who occupied it now? Was she alone? Was there one other?

In apprehension which comes to the senses in the dark watches of the night—impressions, conclusions, based upon no actual or recognized action of the physical senses—Josephine rose, passed to the window and looked out. The moonlight lay upon the lawn like a broad silver blanket. Faint stars were twinkling in the clear sky overhead. The night brooded her planets, hovering the world, so that life might be.

The dark outlines of the shrubbery below showed black and strong. Upon the side of a near-by clump of leafless lilacs shone a faint light, as though from one of the barred windows below. The house was not quite asleep. She stilled her breath as she might, stilled her heart as she might, lest its beating should be heard. What was about to happen? Where could she fly, and how?

Escape by the central stairway would be out of the question, because by that way only could danger approach. She leaned out of the window. Catching at the coarse ivy vine which climbed up the old wall of the house, she saw that it ascended past her window to the very cornice where the white pillars joined the roof. The pillars themselves, vast and smooth, would have been useless even could she have reached them. Below, a slender lattice or ladder had been erected to the height of one story, to give the ivy its support. A strong and active person might by mere possibility reach this frail support if the ivy itself proved strong enough to hold under the strain. She clutched at it desperately. It seemed to her that although the smaller tendrils loosened, the greater arms held firm.

She stepped back into the room, listened, straining all her soul in a demand for certitude. As yet she had only dreaded to hear a sound, had not indeed done so. Now at last there came a footfall—was it true? It seemed not heavy enough for a man's step, but a man on secret errand might tread light. She flung herself upon the bed, her hands clasped, her lips moving in supplication.

But now it came again, that was it—it was a footfall. It approached along the hall, paused at the barricaded door. It was there outside, stopping. She heard a breath drawn. The knob was tried, silently at first, then with greater force. "Who is there?" she quavered. "Who is there?" she repeated. No answer came.

"Jeanne!" she cried aloud. "Oh, Jeanne! Jeanne! Sally!"

There was once a sound of a distant door opening. No voice came. Outside her own door now was silence.

She could endure no more. Though it were into flames, she must escape from this place, where came one to claim a property, not a woman; where a woman faced use, not wooing. God! And there was no weapon, to assure God's vengeance now, here, at once.

Half-clad as she was, she ran to the window, and unhestitatingly let herself out over the sill, clutching at the ivy as she did so. She feared not at all what now was before her. It is doubtful whether those who spring from a burning building dread the fall—they dread only that which is behind them.

As she now half-slid from the window, she grasped wildly at the screen of ivy, and as fate would have it, caught one of its greater branches. It held fast, and she swung free from the sill, which now she could never again regain. She clung desperately, blindly, swung out; then felt the roots of the ivy above her rip free, one after another, far up, almost to the cornice. Its whole thin ladder broke free from the wall. She was flung into space. Almost at that instant, her foot touched the light lattice of the lower story. The ivy had crawled up the wall face and followed the cornice up and over somewhere, over the edge of the eaves, finding some sort of holding ground. It served to support her weight at least until she felt the ladder underfoot. At this in turn she clutched as she dropped lower, but frail and rotten as it was, it supported her but slightly. The next instant she felt herself falling.

She dropped out and down, struck heavily, and had but consciousness enough left to half rise. Before her eyes shone scores of little pointed lights. Then her senses passed away, and all went sweetly, smoothly and soothingly black about her. . . . After ages, there came faint sounds of running feet. There was a sort of struggle of some sort, it seemed, in her first returning consciousness. Her first distinct feeling was one of wonder that Dunwody himself should be the first to bend over her, and that on his face there should seem surprise, regret, grief. How could he feign such things? She pushed at his face, panting, silent.

Jeanne now was there—Jeanne, tearful, excited, wringing her hands, offering aid; but in spite of Jeanne, Dunwody raised Josephine in his arms. As he did so he felt her wince. Her arm dropped loosely.

"Good God! It is broken!" he cried. "Oh, why did you do this? Why did you? You poor girl, you poor girl! And it was all my fault—my fault!" Then suddenly, "Sally!—Eleazar!" he cried.

They came running now from all sides. Between them they carried Josephine back to her room and placed her once more upon her couch.

"Saddle up, Eleazar," commanded Dunwody. "Get a doctor—Jamieson—from St. Genevieve as fast as you can. The lady's arm is broken."

"Pardon, Monsieur," he began, "but it is far for St. Genevieve. Me, I have set h'arm before now. Suppose I set heem, now, then go for the doc'?"

"Could you do that?" demanded Dunwody.

"Somehow, yes, me," answered Eleazar. Dunwody nodded. Without further speech the old man rolled up his sleeves and addressed himself to his task. Not without skill, he approached the broken ends of the ulna, which was fractured above the wrist. Having done this without much difficulty he called out for splints, and when some pieces of thin wood were brought him he had them shaped to his needs, adjusted about them his bandage and made all fast. His patient made no sound of suffering. She only panted, like a frightened bird held in the hand, although the sobbing of Jeanne filled the room. The forehead of Dunwody was beaded. He said nothing, not even when they had finished all they now could do to make her comfortable.

"Au revoir, Mademoiselle," said Eleazar, at length. "I go now for those doc'."

A moment later the room was cleared, none but Dunwody remaining. At last, then, they were alone together.

"Go away! Bring me Jeanne!" she cried at him. His lips only tightened.

"May I not have Jeanne?" she wailed again.

"Yes, you shall have Jeanne—you shall have anything you want," he answered at length, quietly. "Only get well. Forgive me all this if you can."

Josephine's lips trembled. "May I go?" she demanded of him.

There was a strange gentleness in his voice. "You're hurt. It would be impossible for you to go now. Don't be afraid. Don't! Don't!"

She looked at him keenly, in spite of her suffreing. There seemed some change about him. At length, heavily, his head sunk, he left the room.

Jeanne herself, sobbing, tearful, withal overjoyed, rejoined her mistress. The two embraced as was best possible. As her senses cleared, a sort of relief came over Josephine. Now, she began to reason, for the time she was shielded by this infirmity; comforted also by the presence of one as weak and helpless as herself.

"It's an ill wind, Jeanne, which blows no one good," she smiled bravely. "See, now we are together again."

"Madame!" gulped Jeanne. "Madame!"

"Fie, fie, Jeanne! In time we shall be away from here."

"Madame, I like it not—this house. Something here is wrong. We must fly!"

"But, Jeanne, I am helpless. We must wait, now."

All that night and till morning of the next day they waited, alone, Dunwody not appearing, though continually old Sally brought up proofs of his solicitousness. At last there came the sound of hoofs on the gravel road, and there alighted at the door, dust-covered and weary, old Eleazar and Jamieson, the doctor of St. Genevieve. These were met by the master of Tallwoods himself.

"Listen now, Jamieson," said Dunwody. "You're here by my call. You understand me, and understand the rules of your own profession. Ask no questions here. Your patient has broken an arm—there has been an accident. That's all you need to know, I think. Your job is to get her well, as soon as you can. You're a doctor, not a lawyer; that's all."

He led the way to the door of Josephine's room, and the doctor, stained with travel as he was, entered. He was an old man, gray and lean, consumed in his time by fevers and chills, in the treatment of which he was perhaps more skilful than in surgery. He approached the couch not unkindly and stood in preliminary professional scrutiny of his patient. The face turned toward him, framed in its dark roll of hair, caused him to start with surprise. Even thus flushed in the fever of pain, it seemed to him no face ever was more beautiful. Who was she? How came she here? In spite of Dunwody's command many questions sprang to his own mind, almost to his lips. Yet now he only gently took up the bandaged arm.

"Pardon, my dear," he said quietly. "I must unwrap these bandages, to see how well Eleazar has done his work—you know, these doctors are jealous of each other! So now, easy, easy!"

He unrolled the rude bandages which, if not professionally applied, at least had held their own. He examined the splints, hummed to himself meantime.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Excellent! Now indeed I shall be jealous. The old man has done a job as good as I could have done myself! There was no need of my coming at all. But I'm glad I came, my dear."

"But you aren't going away, Doctor—you will not go back!"

He pursed a lip as he gazed down over his steel bowed glasses. "I ought to get back, my dear, because I have other patients, don't you see, and it's a long ride. Why can't you let me go? You're young and healthy as a wild deer. You're a perfectly splendid girl. Why, you'll be out of this in a couple of weeks. How did you happen to fall that way?"

She nodded toward the window. "I fell out—there—I was frightened."

"Yes, yes, of course—sleep walking, eh?"

Jamieson took snuff very vigorously. "Don't do it again. But pshaw! If I were as young and strong as you are, I'd have my arm broken twice a week, just for fun."

"Doctor, you're going!" she exclaimed. "But you must do something for me—you must be my friend."

"Certainly, my dear, why not? But how can I help you? Dunwody's pledged me to professional secrecy, you know." He grinned. "Not that even Warv' Dunwody can run me very much."

He looked down at her, frowning, but at that moment turned to the door as he heard Dunwody's step.

"How do you find the patient, Doctor?" asked Dunwody. Jamieson moved a hand in cheerful gesture to his patient.

"Good-by, my dear. Just get well, now. I'm coming back, and then we'll have a talk. Be good, now, and don't walk in your sleep any more." He took Dunwody by the shoulder and led him out.

"I don't like this, Dunwody," he said, when they were out of earshot of the room. "What's going on here? I'm your doctor, as we both know; but I'm your friend, too. And we both know that I'm a gentleman, and you ought to be. That's a lady there. She's in trouble—she's scared e'en a'most to death. Why? Now listen. I don't help in that sort of work, my boy. What's up here?" I've helped you before, and I've held your secrets; but I don't go into the business of making any more secrets, d'ye see?"

"There aren't going to be any more, Jamieson," rejoined Dunwody slowly. "I've got to keep hers. You needn't keep mine if you don't feel like it. Get her well, that's all. This is no place for her. As for me, as you know very well, there isn't any place anywhere for me."

The old doctor sighed. "Brace up to it, my son. But play the game fair. If it comes to a case of being kind to yourself or kind to a woman, why, take a gamble, and try being kind to the woman. They need it. I'm coming back: but now I must be getting on. First, I'm going to get something to eat. Where's the whisky?"

Dunwody for the time left him, and began moodily to pace apart, up and down the gallery. Here presently he was approached by Jeanne, the maid.

"Madame will speak to you!" announced that person loftily, and turned away scornfully before he had time to reply. Eager, surprised, he hastened up the stair and once more was at her bedside. "Yes?" he said. "Did you wish me for anything?"

To Be Continued.

SHE GRASPED WILDLY AT THE SCREEN OF IVY

Amundsen Story Shock to Science

Scientists are just beginning to recover from the shock administered to them by Capt. Roald Amundsen, the discoverer of the South Pole, who reported that the pole lies on a plateau. They had expected the discoverer would find mountains of ice, miles high, at the region of the pole. In consequence theories long held and almost universally accepted are shattered.

The discoveries of Amundsen will put most geological text books out of date.

For nearly a century it has been the generally accepted fact that mountains of ice, estimated to vary in thickness from two to twelve miles, existed about the South Pole. This was thought to be caused by successive periods of heat and cold at the poles, coming every 11,000 years, approximately, and causing the mountains of ice to rise at one pole while the vast quantities of ice at the other melted little by little.

The formation of the ice, it was believed, caused the center of gravity of the earth to change its position, thus causing much of the water of one hemisphere to pass across the equator to the other hemisphere. At present the greater amount of water lies in the southern hemisphere. It was thought to have passed there from the north in a former period.

A good many scientific men are amazed at the statement of conditions at the South Pole by Capt. Amundsen. They expected great quantities of ice or snow would be found, if human explorers ever went there.

There have been mountain ranges alluded to by Amundsen and Shackleton, but they are not referred to as being possible accumulations of ice. If they were they would not meet the expectations of scientific thinkers, who have counted on finding an ice cap from two to twelve miles thick at the pole and shaded off to something like a quarter of mile in thickness at a latitude of about 70 degrees south.

At this time the accumulation of water in the southern hemisphere would seem not far from its minimum. Yet we must arrive at the startling conclusion that there is not now in the neighborhood of the South Pole a sufficient quantity of ice to cause a shifting of the earth's center of gravity and the consequent transference of the earth's waters. Consequently there is no good scientific reason to apprehend any return of the waters to the north in the near geological future.

The whole of this carefully built system of reasoning is left without sufficient amount of fact basis, so far as can be ascertained.

WOMAN TRAVELS IN AFRICA

Question of Precedence at Black Courts—Tests of Manliness.

London Daily Mail.

Miss Olive McLeod, who traveled through Nigeria, the German Cameroons and the French Congo ti set up a stone on the grave of Lieut. Boyd Alexander, to whom she had been engaged, told how she had traveled close on 4,000 miles to Africa, chiefly on foot and horseback, penetrating to many points which no white feet had ever trod before.

What struck one in her gossiping account of her travels was that humanity is very much the same beneath the surface all over the world. A native sultan's court, she said, reminded her very much of a European monarch's. The court officials had much the same apportionment of duties and quarreled about precedence in the same way.

Black belles wear false tails of hair and pads to make their own appear more luxuriant. Even their little children play marbles in the English style. And when reformers among us advocate certificates of fitness for marriage they are only pleading for a system which obtains among many West African tribes.

The young men of these tribes are tested as to their manliness and endurance by being beaten with strips of leather or by being obliged to climb up the face of an almost perpendicular rock. Unless they satisfy the test they cannot marry. No women would accept them as husbands.

One very interesting point was that the natives pick up English quickly and regard it as "the white man's language." If Frenchman and Germans cannot speak it they are not looked upon as "proper white men." So general is this view that the German officers and sergeants are obliged to drill their black troops with English words of command.

The Family Tree of Humor.

Joseph Addison.

It is indeed easier to describe what is not humor, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowper has done, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner in a kind of allegory, and by supposing humor to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy: Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a woman of collateral line called Mirth, by whom he has issue Humor. Humor, therefore, being the youngest of the illustrious family and descended from parents of such different disposition, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behavior and fantastic in his dress; insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge and as jocular as a Merry Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

A Queen Learned Resignation.

Queen Louise of Prussia, in the year 1808, wrote the following letter to her father, while that country was a vassal state of Napoleon:

"It is growing clearer and clearer to me that nothing could have happened otherwise than just as it did happen. Evidently a divine providence is bringing in new world conditions, and there is to be a new order of things, since the old has been outlived and has fallen of itself as dead. We had fallen asleep on the laurels of Frederick the Great, who, the master of his century, created a new era. We did not keep step with the times, therefore are we left behind. We can learn much of Napoleon, and what he has accomplished shall not be lost. It would be blasphemy to say that God is with him, but clearly he is an instrument in the hand of the Almighty to bury the old from which life had departed. Through this Napoleonic period is the painful path to a better goal. It will be of short duration. I find consolation, strength and courage in this hope that lies deep within my soul; all in this world is but transition. We must go forward!"

Bobsleds in Kansas Politics.

Hutchinson Co. Topeka Capital.

For the first time in the history of Kansas the success of an election depended recently upon the use of bobsleds.

Sam Graybill, chairman of Democratic congressional committee, told how it happened. The Democratic victory in the Seventh congressional district was due largely to the use of sleds, according to Chairman Graybill.

"When this heavy snow fell two or three weeks ago we saw we were going to be unable to get the farmers to drive through the heavy snow drifts and that it was going to be almost an impossibility to get the vote out with automobiles as customary.

"So I conceived the plan of having sleds made. We had eight or ten big sleds constructed in each precinct. It was done quietly so as not to let our friends the enemy know what was up. Election day we put these sleds into commission and hauled the voters out. It worked even better than we had hoped."

A Lighthouse in the Air.

London Globe.

The progress of aircraft in Germany is well indicated by the fact that illuminated captive balloons are now being used for the purpose of guiding aeronauts by night. One of these has lately been placed at Treplow (between Berlin and Stettin). The balloon is of a red color and carries an electric light. It is visible for a great distance at night and is easily distinguished from any other light. In case of fog, when the light could not be seen, an electric bell is caused to ring by means of a hygrometer attached. In this way it is possible for a person in charge to ascertain the height of the fog zone and cause the balloon to ascend into a less moist and clearer atmosphere, when the bell will cease ringing.

The Yellow Peril No Phantom.

Newark Star.

One of the old fallacies dispelled by recent events in the Orient is that the Chinese are constitutionally averse to a military life. They used to hate a soldier when a soldier meant a Manchu, for that hated race made up the whole army. Sixteen years ago, after the war with Japan, a new army had to be created, and their late conquerors became the military instructors of the Chinese in a score of schools. The ranks had to be thrown open to the subject class and a well-disciplined native army has been growing steadily and there are 5,000 native students in officers' schools, some of them in Japan. The Chinese are physically ideal soldiers. China's population of 400,000,000 could support a standing army of 4,000,000 men, which might match the combined forces of Europe. The yellow peril is no phantom. If China can bring order out of its present chaos it may easily become a world power and a drastic reviser of maps.

The Vanity Box

by ALICE STUYVESANT

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He was evidently very dark, with black hair which should have been inclined to curl, had he not kept it cut very short. Black, clearly marked brows were drawn straight and low over the large dark eyes, which, even in photograph, seemed passionate and full of fire like those of a Spaniard. The face was clean-shaven; the nose fine and aquiline, not unlike Sir Ian Hereward's, the mouth and chin singularly firm. Ian Barr's Irish mother had had little to give a son except her beauty, and of that she had given much. There was no legacy from the Herewards in the dark, handsome face, except the shape of the nose and the firm set of the jaw.

Teresina Ricardo felt a new stirring of sympathy in her heart for the young man. Sometimes, in spite of herself, she had wished that Ian Barr's guilt could be proved, because in that case his cousin, Ian Hereward would be exonerated, freed from the dreadful slavery of suspicion. It was a terrible wish, cruel and selfish, too, in a way. Terry knew that, and hated it; yet again and again it had come, notwithstanding her interest in Nora Verney and her puzzled pity for the girl. But looking at Ian Barr's picture, in the gold locket warm from the warmth of Nora's bosom, Terry felt the cruel wish exorcised as if it had been a wicked bewitchment. Barr might be guilty; but a man with a face like that would kill only in a moment of blind passion. It would be impossible to believe that he could commit a premeditated crime.

"Yes, you are right," she told Nora. "He is brave and strong."

"I love him," exclaimed the girl. "And there is nothing I wouldn't do to help him."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sir Ian Hereward had replaced Barr, after the young man resigned his position and went away, by another steward, a very different sort of person—so different, in fact, that Barr's cook-housekeeper and only servant had not cared to accept an offer to stay on.

This fact made matters rather troublesome for the police, when there arose a reason for finding out things about Mr. Barr and his way of life while steward for his cousin. Miss Maunsell was a peculiar woman, a spinster of more than a certain age, and a dour nature. She was not a native of Surrey, but had come from London to act as Mr. Barr's servant, and had made no friends. How Mr. Barr had got her, whether he had known her before, or had selected her from an agency, nobody could tell. Ian Barr "kept himself to himself," as the saying was. He was sensitive about his position, was too proud to seek friends, or to respond warmly to overtures of friendship; and to his few acquaintances he never talked about his own affairs.

All that could be learned of Miss Maunsell in the neighborhood, therefore, was that she would not consent to work for the new steward (a nervous, "finickin" little man), but that she had gone to London the day after Mr. Barr gave up his stewardship. The man in the booking-office at Redeshall, one of the two stations which served Riding St. Mary, remembered selling, on the date of her departure, a third single ticket for Charing Cross to a woman answering the description given of Miss Maunsell, but nobody could be found who remembered seeing her at Charing Cross. This was not surprising, because the elderly spinster was not in any way interesting to look at, nor did she differ very noticeably in face and figure from hundreds of other female holders of third-class tickets, who had poured into the great London railway station that day.

When the police began to be surprised by the elusiveness of the young man whom they had expected to find with ease, their attention naturally turned toward Miss Maunsell, who, besides the master, had been the only inmate of the steward's house. It was thought that she must know a great deal about his habits, and even that she might be able to give some special information that was much wanted. But application was made to all the employment agencies in London and the suburbs in vain; and eventually, after various other means of unearthing the woman had failed, recourse was had to a discreet advertisement in several of the daily papers: "If Miss Sarah Maunsell, lately employed by Mr. Barr, of Surrey, will apply in person to Messrs. Kipling & Beecher, solicitors, of Bedford Row, London, W. C., she will learn something to her advantage."

This appeal was repeated for several days before Messrs. Kipling & Beecher heard from Miss Maunsell. At last they received a letter from Harrogate, signed "S. Maunsell," stating that, as the writer was in the position of cook-housekeeper to an invalid, she could not leave her place to visit London. She had just happened to see the advertisement, not being in the habit of looking at the papers every day, and she would be glad to hear from Messrs. Kipling & Beecher.

Scotland Yard was, of course, responsible for the advertisement, but it was not considered wise to risk alarming the woman, who might have a horror of the police. When the letter arrived, however, a detective from the criminal investigation department was detailed to travel to Harrogate and interview Miss Maunsell. He was an ambitious fellow whose name—Richard Gaylor—was already favorably marked at headquarters, and he was the "nice grownup" who had beguiled Poppet Barnard. He was about thirty, but did not look more than twenty-one, at most, in face or figure. "Cupid" was his nickname, and it was not inappropriate to the blue-eyed, curly-haired young man, who had deep dimples in pink cheeks, like a girl's.

The address given in Miss Maunsell's cramped and prim hand-writing was "Care Edwin James, Esq. Hedge House, Aylwin Road Harrogate," and the detective found the place without difficulty. It was a rather desolate looking villa, set at some distance from other houses, and it had an air of decayed gentility and "stand-offishness." The high gate was locked, and, having rung, Gaylor was obliged to wait outside in a drizzling rain for some moments. He was just about to pull the old-fashioned bell again when he saw the front door open, and a thin old woman came with mincing steps down the path. The upper half of the gate had a square of lattice, and through this he was able to form some judgment of Miss Maunsell's character (if it was Miss Maunsell who approached) before she opened the gate. She had a high, prominent forehead, tight-drawn, sallow skin, a rat-trap of a mouth, the eyes of an incipient fanatic, and sparse gray hair pulled tightly back in an uncompromising way under a cap like a half-baked bun. Used to face-reading, Gaylor made up his mind in a flash as to the right way of managing the grim old creature.

"Is this Miss Maunsell?" he asked politely, but not gushingly. To gush at a person of her type would be to court disaster.

"It is," she replied shortly.

"I'm here on the business of Messrs. Kipling & Beecher's advertisement," announced the detective.

If Miss Maunsell felt surprise, she did not show it. "You can come in," she said. Then, being evidently economical of speech, she led the way into the house. It was old-fashioned, but uninteresting. "Gloomy as a sarcophagus," was Gaylor's mental comment as he followed the stiff figure down a narrow corridor to the back of the house. She opened the door of a moderate-sized room like a servants' hall. "My sitting room," she remarked. "We will not be disturbed, for I am the only servant. Mr. James is a paralytic. Take a seat."

Gaylor obeyed, subsiding upon a hard, high chair by a clumsy dining table. Miss Maunsell sat opposite him, on a chair of the same depressing description.

"What have you to tell me to my advantage?" she inquired, wasting no time in getting to the point. She had the whining twang suggestive of the cockney, which is characteristic of the lower middle classes in some parts of Yorkshire; and Gaylor made up his mind that the woman had returned to her native county. She had all the hardness of the North at its worst.

"I have to tell you that if you will answer a few questions I've been sent to ask, possibly it may save you from being called as a witness in the second adjourned inquest of the Hereward case, which will come on in a fortnight's time."

"I can't leave my place here to be a witness in any case," rasped Miss Maunsell, "and I wouldn't be of any use if I could, for I never heard of the Hereward case."

"What! Never heard of the Hereward murder case over a week ago!" exclaimed Gaylor, suprised that a human being could have existed in such cloistered ignorance.

"Are you talking of the Herewards of Friars' Moat?" asked the housekeeper.

"Yes."

"Who was murdered?"

"Lady Hereward. Is it possible you haven't seen in the papers——"

"Why should I see the papers? 'Tain't likely I'd spend my money on 'em, and Mr. James, my master, cares for nothing but old books, the older the better. I'm no woman to gossip with butcher, baker nor candlestickmaker, and I wouldn't have come across your advertisement if it hadn't stared me in the face wrapped around a fish. When was her ladyship murdered?"

Gaylor told her.

"Who did it?" was the next question.

"That's what we don't know yet, otherwise I wouldn't be here," said the detective.

"I suppose you don't think I did it, do you?" Miss Maunsell demanded with scorn. "Lady Hereward was a Christian woman; that is, if she was as good at heart as she seemed. But the better she was, the better off she is in the next world."

"If you respected her so much, you'll be all the readier to bring her murderers to justice."

"Not by going as no witness to no trial. My duty is here. Besides, her ladyship was too fond of wearing rich jewelry. She had the name of being charitable, but she'd have done more wisely to sell her precious stones and give the money to missions. Maybe her murder by some thief was a judgment from heavon on her vanity. We all of us have faults, but vanity is a crying sin. And Lady Hereward put powder on her face and pink paint on her lips. 'Tisn't many would have seen that perhaps, but my eyes are sharp for such things, though I'm not as young as I was, and I can't abide 'em, on Christian or no Christian. That's all I know about her ladyship, though I was servant to the steward of her husband's estate, so it's no good summoning me. You've got all I can tell out of me now."

"It isn't so much Lady Hereward

New-Learned Facts About the South Pole

The south pole is situated on an antarctic continent larger than the United States and with an area of 5,000,000 miles.

The pole is on a tableland about 10,000 feet above sea level.

The great ice barrier is a glacier 700 miles wide and hundreds of miles broad in places; it varies from 100 to 200 feet in height.

The breaking off of portions of this ice barrier each summer produces the greatest crop of icebergs in the world.

Mount Erebus belches steam and lava within the circle of eternal ice.

It is probable that the south pole itself is buried under ice 5,000 feet thick.

Vegetation in the antactric continent consists entirely of moss; the land animal life is limited to a species of wingless insect very primitive in form.

Penguins, great, awkward birds, exist along the coast in some parts.

There is little snow on the lower plateau, necessitating explorers carrying tents; the surface is smooth ice.

Deep crevices in the Beardmore glacier render travel up it perilous.

Scientists claim that centuries ago the south pole was a tropical region, filled with plant and animal life.

They also maintain that the pole is never at the same place for two consecutive years, that the earth wabbles around considerably each 12 months.

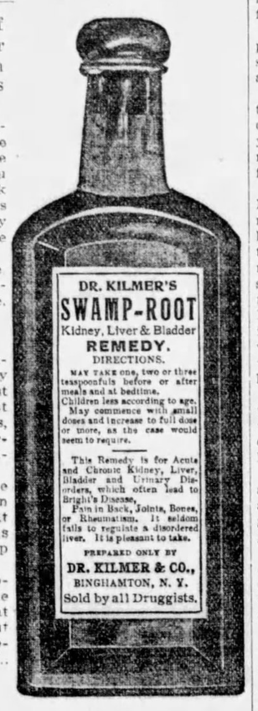
ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

Nature warns you when the track of health is not clear. Kidney and bladder troubles compel you to pass water often during the day and get up many times during the night.

Unhealthy kidneys **cause** lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have headache or indigestion, as time passes you may have a sallow complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and lose flesh.

If such conditions are permitted to continue **serious results** are sure to follow; Bright's disease, the very worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.


DR. KILMER'S
SWAMP-ROOT
Kidney, Liver & Bladder
REMEDY.
DIRECTIONS.
MAY TAKE one, two or three teaspoonfuls before or after meals and at bedtime.
Children less according to age.
May commence with small doses and increase to full dose or more, as the case would seem to require.
This Remedy is for Acute and Chronic Kidney, Liver, Bladder and Urinary Disorders, which often lead to Bright's Disease,
Pain in Back, Joints, Bones, or Rheumatism. It seldom fails to regulate a disordered liver. It is pleasant to take.
PREPARED ONLY BY
DR. KILMER & CO.,
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient and physicians, **who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects,** while the **original disease** constantly undermines the system.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition, begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys improve, they will help the other organs to health.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

Sample Bottle Sent Free.

EDITORIAL NOTICE—To prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands of letters received from men and women who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy they needed. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the The Weekly Blade. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

I'm here to ask you about," said Gaylord, "as Mr. Ian Barr."

"Oh, indeed, do they think he killed her? Well, I'm not surprised. I always thought his temper would be his undoing one of thes fine days.

"There's certainly ground for suspicion," replied the detective. "Mr. Barr has disappeared, and so far can't be found."

"Who's trying to find him?" inquired Mr. Barr's late housekeeper. "Those folks that advertised for me, Kipper & Beechin g, or whatever their name is?"

"Scotland Yard is trying to find him, and will before long," said Gaylor, thinking to awe the woman; but her face did not change, unless to grow more grim.

"By that do you mean the perlice?"

He bowed, looking about 18.

Her thin lips curled. And are you a policeman?"

"I am a member of the criminal investigation department."

"Why didn't they let you finish going to school?"

"I am nearly 30," the detective informed her, laughing.

"H'm! I suppose the Kipper & Beeching men were dummies of the police then?" She was sharp enough, in her way.

"We employ the firm occasionally. But it is in the name of Scotland Yard that I come to question you."

"How am I to know that? You might be anybody, in that gray suit and them brown boots of yours. And, anyhow, I consider you got hold of my address on false pretenses. You made me think I might be coming in for a legacy, I don't see why I should answer your questions."

Gaylor took from his pocket an important-looking wallet and produced his credentials.

Miss Maunsell was convinced, though not impressed.

"Well, all I can say is," she remarked, "that Scotland Yard must be hard put to it to find grown-up men. And I don't approve of their methods."

"If you are summoned as a witness a fortnight from now, you will have to go, you know," Gaylor assured her, slyly. "The police have power to subpoena you and force you to obey if you refuse."

"You can drive a horse to water, but you can't make him drink," said Miss Maunsell, with a kind of dreary nonchalance.

"You wouldn't like to go to prison—a respectable Christian woman like you?"

"A good many respectable Christians have been in prison." And the housekeeper cited several famous scriptural examples.

"That's true. But if you went there it would lose you your present place, nor would it help you to get another. And I'm here to save you trouble. That's where your 'advantage' comes in. If you answer freely and truthfully all my questions, the chances are I may get you off from being called. Besides, your conscience can't counsel you to obstruct justice. You believe in the Old Testament, I'm sure: 'An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth.'"

"I'll hear your questions, and if I think right, I'll answer them," replied the woman, after a moment's reflection. "If I don't think right, I'll go to prison for twenty years rather than speak. So there you have my mind."

Gaylor believed that not only did she mean what she said, but would stick to it "through thick and thin," and perhaps find a fearful joy in martyrdom. He therefore chose his words with care, suiting them tactfully, as he hoped, to the nature with which he had to deal. He began simply, by asking if Miss Maunsel had had any acquaintance with Mr. Barr before entering his service. Was she by way of being a friend of his family?

"Not I, indeed," she answered scornfully, to the detective's satisfaction. "I didn't know anything about him, until, against my will, I overheard part of a conversation between Mr. Barr and Lady Hereward herself, the day he gave up his stewardship. When I want to get a place I advertise No agencies for me! Mr. Barr answered by advertisement. I thought the work would suit me; and so it did, as far as that goes, though I can't say I entirely approced of him. In fact, I didn't, though he was always what he should be to me, or else I wouldn't have stopped an hour. My initials only were signed to the advertisement, and the same way when I advertised again after leaving him, and got the place here with Mr. James. I stay near Barnes when I'm out of a situation, with an old blind aunt of mine, who's glad enough to have my help when she can get it, instead of the charity girl off the parish she has when I'm in a job. That's why all your policemen couldn't have found me, if I hadn't been silly enough to be caught by a newspaper trap wrapped round a fish."

Judging from Miss Maunsell's expression when she delivered this statement, she would never taste fish again.

"Were you always on good enough terms with Mr. Barr, in spite of not quite approving his conduct, or did you ever give him a piece of your mind?" inquired the detective, in a friendly way.

"We never had any words," said Miss Maunsell. "And it wasn't so much his conduct I disapproved, as his character. I consider myself something of a judge; and from the first moment I ever set eyes on Mr. Barr, said I to myself, 'Here's a young man might do anything, if in a passion.' He had eyes like—like wells of fire, if there could be such things; and when he frowned, his eyebrows, that were drawn straight across his forehead as thought by a pointed piece of charcoal, used to come together across the bridge of his nose. I've seen him when he was angry, with his nostrils quivering as if he was a vicious horse."

"Did you often see him like that?" asked the cherubic Mr. Gaylor, more and more interested, more and more glad that he had been sent to Harrogate.

"Well, no," the housekeeper reflected aloud. "I can't say I did. Two or three times, perhaps. Twice in particular. I shall never forget either of those occasions."

"I should be very glad if you would tell me about them," the detective suggested, mildly.

"The first time was maybe a month before I left him, when a letter had been delivered to Mr. Barr by hand. I don't know who wrote or sent it. I only know it was brought by a boy I never saw before or after. I opened the door myself. Mr. Barr was just finishing his dinner—about 8 o'clock in the evening, it was—and I was busy about the table when I had to answer the knock. The boy said there was no answer wanted, and went away quick, before I had a good look at him; and when I'd handed the envelope to Mr. Barr, I kept on about my business in the dining room, which was the only sitting room he had. I heard him give a kind of exclamation, as if against his will, and I looked up. He'd torn the envelope open in a hurry, as if he'd been expecting the letter, and impatient to find out what was in it. But, my heavens, what a face I saw! I should have been sorry if the writer of the letter had walked into the room! Mr. Barr looked as if he was in a mood to kill at sight. He was livid, and his eyes like live coals. Not a bite more dinner would he eat, though I'd just put on the table a tart he was very fond of. He jumped up, and walked about the room, with the letter in his hand. Once or twice I spoke, and he didn't seem to hear me. But at last he thundered out 'No!' so fiercely that I started; though I will say he appeared to be sorry, and said he didn't' mean to be cross. He was a good deal worried about something serious, and didn't want to be bothered with trifles. I made up my mind to let him alone and not speak, if the sky fell; but a few minutes later, I remember very well, that young woman from Friars' Moat came knocking at the door, asking for Mr. Barr, in her affected-sounding, foreign voice."

"What young woman?" questioned Gaylor, with suppressed eagerness.

"That French maid of Lady Hereward's. I don't recall her name. Something outlandish."

"Did she come often to see Mr. Barr?"

"Not to my knowledge. I saw her only two or three times. But there were other times when I thought I heard her voice in the house. I wouldn't swear to that, though. I never was a woman with an evil tongue against my sex, even foreigner. Mr. Barr says to me, when I first arrived, that he hated gossip, and I told him, so did I. I never exchanged a dozen words with the tradesfolk, and I made no friends. I kept myself to myself, as usual, and that I know was pleasing to Mr. Barr, though it was for my own sake I did it, not for his."

"What about the evening when Lady Hereward's maid came, and found Mr. Barr so angry?"

"All I know is that I told him she wanted him for something important, and he said: 'Let her in.' So I did. And afterward I heard her crying and talking on as no English woman would. By and by he went to the door with her himself, and must have walked a bit of the way home with her, for it was raining, and he came in very wet, looking more furious than ever. Whether with her or not, who can say? I never saw the girl again. And it wasn't many days after that, the butcher's boy, trying to get up a conversation, mentioned that the young woman had vanished, and there was a great to-do up at the big house. Now, you tell me Mr. Barr's disappeared, too.

He seems to be making himself a bit scarce, facetiously replied the detective. "The story at Riding St. Mary was that he'd been seen on the day of Lady Hereward's murder, not far from the woods where she was killed; but the odd thing is, we can't find out where the story started; and, of course, it may or may not be true. Wherever he is, though, Mr. Barr must know he's wanted and why. Don't you think that looks a little queer for him? If he has nothing to hide and no reason to keep out of the way, why doesn't he turn up or send word where he is? Don't you, as a straightforward woman, feel that?"

"Perhaps," said Miss Maunsell, non-committally. "But Mr. Barr was a queer young man."

"Do you think he was in love with that French maid of Lady Hereward's?"

Miss Maunsell tossed her prim gray head, and replied stiffly that she knew nothing about such things. But the girl, in her opinion, was a designing minx. She had the look of it—and being that pleased with herself! No doubt Frenchwomen were mostly hussies, and above their places, with their fussed-up hair and their squeezed-in waists.

"Lady Hereward thought there had been a flirtation, anyhow," remarked Gaylor.

"I abominate that word," snapped the spinster. "I don't call it decent. But it's no news to me that her ladyship thought the worst of Mr. Barr, for I heard her give him her opinion of him in plain words. I told you I was obliged to listen to a conversation between those two the day Mr. Barr resigned; and that conversation was certainly the cause of his doing so."

To Be Continued.

Glasses Absolutely Free

Now look here, all you weak-eyed, spectacle-wearing readers of this paper, you've just got to quit wearing your dim, scratchy, headache-producing, sight-destroying spectacles at once, for this is what generally causes cataracts and other serious eye troubles. You must lay aside those old spex right now and I'll send you a brand new pair of my wonderful **"Perfect Vision"** glasses absolutely free of charge.

—These **"Perfect Vision"** glasses will enable you to read the very finest print in your bible even by the dim firelight—

—These **"Perfect Vision"** glasses will enable you to thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on—

—These **"Perfect Vision"** glasses will enable you to shoot the smallest bird off the tallest tree top on the cloudiest days—

—These **"Perfect Vision"** glasses will enable you to distinguish a horse from a cow at the greatest distance, and as far as your eye can reach—

Now please remember these wonderful **"Perfect Vision"** glasses are free—absolutely free to every reader of this paper—not a cent need you pay for them now and never.

I therefore insist that you sit down right now—this very minute—and write me your name and address at once, and I will immediately mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester and a four-dollar cash certificate entitling you to a brand new pair of my wonderful **"Perfect Vision"** glasses absolutely free of charge—just as cheerfully as I have sent them to nearly all the other spectacle-wearers in your county.

Now, friend, please don't be lazy, but get out your writing paper or write me your name and address on the below coupon at once—that's all.

Address:—DR. HAUX—
—The Spectacle Man—
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Note.—The above house is perfectly reliable.

—DR. HAUX—
—The Spectacle Man—
—ST. LOUIS, MO.—

Please send your absolutely free offer at once.

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Postoffice.....

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Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer.

I would like to have some reader tell me at what distance apart one should set buckthorn for a hedge when the shrubs are thickly branched and spreading at the bottom.—L., Bangor, Me.

I have a horse that has a knot on his back caused from the use of the saddle. I have used different kinds of liniment on it, and the soreness has left it to a great extent. As the knot does not seem to go away I would like some reader to give a remedy.—O., Juno, Tenn.

Will someone who reads the Farmstead give a remedy for ringworm in these columns?—A., Walteville, W. Va.

I desire some information through these columns as to what ailed my cow that died last winter. One which my neighbor possessed died recently, and had the same symptoms as mine did. Before my cow died she was in fine shape, apparently healthy and relishing her feed of corn and fodder. The next morning she was found dead, her position indicating that she died without a struggle. But yellow water was running out of her nostrils and mouth. Upon cutting her open her intestines seemed to be in good condition, but her paunch contained food with the yellow water surrounding it. The inside of her stomach was red with raised knots or pimples about the size of three heads of nails. The second stomach was in a similar condition. I would appreciate it if anyone can tell me what ailed her.—J., Fusom, Mo.

PULLS ON HALTER

Last week we published a cure for a horse pulling on its halter, but recently we have received better explanations so we are republishing the remedy for the benefit of the readers.—Editor.

If W., Downs, Kan., will use the following appliance he will break his mare or any other animal from pulling on the halter: Take a one-half inch rope about 12 or 15 feet long, make a running noose or eye loop, pass the loop end over the mare's loins, placing the loop underneath. Then pass the end of the rope through the loop and draw the rope up close to the body. Put a surcingle around the body just back of the forelegs; pass the rope through the surcingle and between the forelegs, then through the halter, tying it to the manger. As soon as the animal pulls back the rope presses on the spinal column and the least pressure at that point is very painful.—G., Zanesville, Ohio.

A COLD FRAME

I see in the Farmstead where a reader wants to know how to build a cold frame. A cheap and easily made cold frame is one 2 feet and 10 inches wide by 15 feet long. Be sure that it faces the south with the south side 8 inches high and the north 12 inches. Spade up the ground and mix thoroughly with rotten manure. Then put on a rich loam to within a couple of inches from the top on the south side. Have the earth finely pulverized. For a cover for the frame take 5 yards of cheap muslin and tack on to a frame of narrow scantling 15 feet by 3 feet, using carpet tacks. Be sure that the cover fits close over the top of the bed. After sowing the seed cover the frame with the muslin. This should be covered during the night and on cold cloudy days with old blankets or rubber roofing. When the air is warm lift the muslin frame and let out the hot air inside. Two or three days before transplanting leave the muslin cover off both night and day until the plants turn to a dark green. Be sure that the cold frame is placed in a warm and sunny place. Bugs and insects will not bother the plants while they are in the frame.—G., Big Bend, W. Va.

THE POULTRY HOUSE

One of the most essential things in poultry keeping is to have a suitable house, which will protect the fowls from inclement weather and from their natural enemies. It is well understood that no two farms will present exactly the same conditions; for instance, one farmer will desire to keep 100 hens, while another may want many more or less. Then again, some farms will present one kind of soil, whereas on other farms the character of the soil and drainage are entirely different. Some farmers will desire a house which presents an attractive appearance, whereas on other farms poultry-houses will be so located that they are not conspicuous, and hence the matter of appearance is of little concern.

It must be remembered that from the standpoint of the hen appearance makes very little difference, but the house must be a comfortable place for the hens to live; otherwise they will not thrive and production will not be satisfactory. On many farms the hens are not provided with a house constructed especially for them, but are housed in an old building originally made for some other purpose. As a rule this sort of a house is not economical, for, unless it is constructed especially for hens, it will seldom be found possible to reconstruct it in such a way as to make economical production possible.

Poultry-houses should be located where it is dry and well drained. If the ground is not naturally dry it should be ditched and drained artificially, for poultry will not thrive in a house when the floor is constantly wet. A damp location means a damp poultry-house all the way through, and the result is that the fowls are affected with many troublesome diseases. Damp ground that is likely to remain muddy around the house is not satisfactory because the hen's feet become soiled and, as a consequence, the eggs and nests become dirty, and dirty eggs are unattractive on the market. If cleaned, a large amount of labor is necessary and with the best care, cleaned eggs never look so well as eggs that have never been soiled. When hens run at large on wet ground, the litter on the floor of the house soon becomes dirty and wet, thus making a very unsatisfactory place for feeding. The ground out of doors is also unsatisfactory for feeding, as wet ground soon becomes filthy and the filth sticks to the feet, making it impossible for the hens to pick it up without consuming more or less filth. Ground which is naturally wet is cold in the spring. It is also slower to become aerated and holds filth on the surface much longer than dry ground.

Houses should be placed so that they will not be subject to violent winds; yet, good air and drainage are essential. A house should never be placed in a low, damp spot where early fall frosts are likely to occur. These places are always cold and unhealthy for fowls.

Build the house on the ground that slopes to the south if possible. If this can not be done, always face the house toward the south so as to get the sun's rays throughout the day in winter to keep it bright inside. Where it is necessary to build a house in a windy place, trees can often be planted to break the wind. Small shrubs are also a great help and can be planted in such a way that they afford shelter to the house during the fall and spring when the winds are violent. Hens enjoy lying in the sun, especially during the windy days after the leaves fall from the trees. The orchard can often be chosen as the site for the henhouse and the hens allowed to run under the trees throughout the year.

Poultry-houses should be convenient to other buildings and yet, not so close that the hens constantly infest the other buildings. If the poultry-house is too close to the barns the hens are likely to get in the habit of roosting in the barn, cow stable, tool shed, etc. —Wisconsin Experiment Station.

APPLES TO RAISE

For summer apples, plant Wealthy, Duchess and Yellow Transparent. The first two named are standards, and thousands of bushels of them go to waste yearly. Yet this waste occurs, because the crop is scattered, and there are no facilities for marketing. There is always a sale for this early fruit, in the cities, at more or less remunerative prices, according to the location of the grower. The Yellow Transparent is a money maker because it is an eating apple in July, when desert fruit is scarce.

This fruit is hardy and does well over a wide range of country. Its chief defect is its tendency to blight, and while this is serious it is not fatal. In fact, under most circumstances, it thrives and fruits profitably, in spite of it. And that makes enough of the early sorts, for no matter how large your orchard may be, three varieties is better than more. You cannot ship mixed fruits and you want enough of whatever you have to fill your barrels without mixing.

If you finally decide that you want some sort not named in this list, let it take the place of one of these, and keep the number down to three.

Now, when you come to winter apples, three varieties is also enough, and after much reading and talk you will be puzzled what to choose, and what to leave. The old reliable Ben Davis is still the standard, by which we measure the value of other kinds. We laugh at its quality, but it is still in the front ranks for commercial value, because it bears profusely and keeps best of all. Unfortunately it is not hardy enough to be safely planted much north of 42, but you are well within its limits.

The Greening has had a great boom for 10 years past and it has its value for the North. Were it not for one fatal weakness it would be the great winter apple. It is hardy in tree, bears well, and for size and quality leaves nothing to be desired. But it fails in the keeping quality of the fruit. Some of the apples will keep until spring, but mostly not. It has this strange peculiarity—the season of maturity of the fruit—even apples from the same tree, has a range of nearly six months. Some of the apples will get mellow and begin to rot on the tree in September and others keep when picked and carefully put away until March. Half of the crop may keep until Jan. 1 and by March 1 there may be one-fourth of them left. This is very unfortunate and it may seem like an outrage to condemn such a universal favorite. But facts are stubborn things and planters should be cautioned against planting the Greening for the winter market. Certainly you should never think of it where the Ben Davis and Gano will thrive.

If the fruit of the Greening would all keep as some of it keeps it would be, beyond comparison, our best winter apple. But, sad to say, not enough of it will keep to make it pay.

The Frameuse and Jonathan are very popular apples for late fall and early winter. The demand always exceeds the supply and you can grow them. But they are late bearers, requiring 15 to 20 years to come to profitable crops.

You will have other varieties recommended to you—many of them—but mark this prediction, when they come to bearing you will regret that you had not planted less of them and more of the Ben Davis.

SHEEP REMEDY

Some years ago 30 per cent of my lambs and 10 per cent of the breeding flock died. On examination I found hosts of stomach and intestinal worms, besides some tapeworms. Losses had gradually increased in the years preceding. Of the lambs that did not die, none were fat and many were worthless.

I began to drench with gasoline and used one gill of turpentine to ten pounds of salt kept before the flock. The gasoline and turpentine, used persistently, lessened the mortality and improved the tone of the flock each year.

From my own and the experience of others I doubt if any remedy can clean up a flock badly affected with stomach worms. I know that gasoline is sure death to tapeworms.

I procured 100 pounds of tobacco dust and mixed one part of tobacco to two parts of salt and kept it before the flock all the time, having the box so low the 2-week old lambs could reach it. Results: I have not lost a sheep or a lamb since, and the lambs at 6 months averaged 100 pounds. Since using the tobacco I have drenched the lambs once, at weaning time, with gasoline. I shall continue to feed tobacco.

A year ago many of my sheep coughed badly and discharged much from the nose. The trouble increased so that 75 per cent were effected. I drenched every sheep twice in three days with a tablespoonful of turpentine in one gill of milk. In a week's time the cough stopped and their noses were clean.—C. O. Fayles, in Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

ROOT MAGGOTS

There has been no more troublesome insect affecting garden crops than the root maggot this past year. Unfortunately, there is no treatment that will insure complete success. It is suggested that the ground where the plants were affected be thoroughly cultivated during the fall to destroy the grubs of this maggot in the ground where they stay to pass the winter.

The insect that occasions this trouble resembles closely the common house fly, but is somewhat smaller. In some districts it is the commonest fly to be found in houses. Treatment of the soil with wood ashes, lime, etc., are usually not very successful and hardly pay for the trouble to apply them. Some success has been had by treating the soil with tobacco or kerosene emulsion early in the spring.

The object of this is to deter the flies from laying their eggs in the protected places. Growing plants under muslin cover early in the season will, of course, keep the flies away, and in some districts is etxensively practiced.

Cabbages can be protected by placing a three-inch disk of tar paper as a collar around their stems at the time of setting out. Spraying the soil about the plants several times during the early summer with carbolated lime is perhaps the best remedy. This spray can be made by adding an ounce of crude carbolic acid to ten gallons of milk of lime.

DAIRY SUCCESS

To be a dairy success work your own common sense and follow directions the cow gives you in the avidity with which she tackles the food. Show sticktoitiveness, patience, and the reward is certain. "Rome was not built in a day," and a genius is one who takes infinite pains. It is that kind of a genius a cow needs about her. A cow producing a large quantity of milk gives us a wonderful lot of nutriment. This must tax her system greatly. It all comes through the workings of her stomach, lungs, heart, etc., all delicate machinery, taxed in the first place to sustain her own life. Our work is to develop healthy and strong constitutions in order that they may have the ability as well as the inclination. There is no legerdemain about these large productions. They follow certain laws, and the faithfulness with which we study and carry them out shows in results.

The records made by the cow are by no means due altogether to one breeder, but partly to others who have gone before. In the case of the Holstein there are 2,000 years and more of continuous effort behind it. Where the effort is continuous in the right direction greater results are attained; but there are many so-called breeders that pull down what others have taken years to build. It must ever be remembered that pure breeds have been made by thorough methods in care, feed and handling, and the reason there are so many poor cows is because there are so many poor men who want the cows to perform miracles. Who are they that get large results? Those who attend faithfully and well to the wants of their stock, not for a time, but continuously over a long period This is what counts.

Since the invention of the Babcock test for testing milk and cream the dairy industry of the world has grown by leaps and bounds. This is true with all branches of the dairy industry, and especially true with the growth of the creamery. When this testing of milk for butter fat was first introduced into the creameries they did not take strongly to the idea of testing their milk because it took too much time of the butter maker. But the safety of the creameries demanded that milk should be properly tested or that creameries discontinue business. The composite sampling of the milk soon became important, and the butter maker tested this composite sample of each patron's milk once or twice a month. Competition soon caused the creamery to test more often in order to pay the patrons more often.

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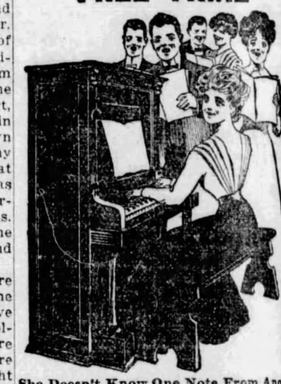
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My Wife and I Want to Tell You How She Stopped Me From Drinking

For over twenty years I was a very hard drinker. I loved liquor. I cared for nothing else. Every cent I could get hold of I spent for beer and whiskey. My work was neglected. Our home was in sore straights. My case was about as hopeless as a man's could be. My wife was constantly begging and pleading with me, but I loved liquor too well. I couldn't stop.

Many women would have despaired and given up all hope, but my wife didn't. She kept trying. Finally, about ten years ago, she gave me a simple remedy, hoping against hope that it would have some effect upon my drinking. Much to her surprise, *it stopped my drinking entirely.* It took away every desire I ever had for alcoholic liquor. I have not touched a drop since.

Can you imagine her delight—her great happiness? Really, it seemed to make a new woman of her. And what a change it made in me! Our friends and neighbors hardly knew me as the same man. To most of them it seemed a miracle. But it wasn't. It was simply the little home remedy that my wife gave me. We know it was, for she later gave it to her brother and several of our neighbors who were heavy drinkers and it stopped every one of them from drinking. This proved that it was not mere luck in my case.

And now, we want others to try it. We want every man and woman who suffers because of a dear one's intemperance to know what this remedy is that my wife gave me. We want you to know our story for we believe you will be helped by it. And we will be more than glad to tell it if you will send us your name and address.

Wife is the writer of our family and she will gladly answer every letter that is written to her. She will tell in her own way, much better than I can, what she used, how she happened to try it and how it worked. She will give this information with a glad heart so do not hesitate to write. She wants you to feel that she is your friend and that it is a pleasure to do this service.

In the ten years that have elapsed since I was cured many folks have written and asked me how it was done and she gladly answered all letters. And to show that her service has been appreciated we would like to have you read extracts from a few of the letters which she afterward received from some of these people.

Dear Madam: I feel very grateful to you for letting me know how I could cure my husband of drunkenness. He was cured completely.—*Mrs. P. W. Conrad, Athens, Penna.* Dear Friend: I was benefitted by your letter for my husband was a hard drinker and now he does not drink.—*Mrs. W. D. Hine, Perry, Pa.* My Dear Friend: It cured him of drunkenness. He is in better health than ever before and is a different man altogether. It has saved us many dollars and we now live in peace and happiness.—*Mrs. Ann Mitchell, Valliant, Okla.* Dear Madam: Your advice was taken at once and my son was cured in a short time.—*Mrs. Martha Day, Roanoke, Va.*

Such letters as these certainly do make my wife happy for she feels that her efforts have not been in vain and she says that she wants you to address your letter to her personally so that she can answer it herself. She also wants me to say that the remedy can be given secretly if desired and that it is very easy to use.

My wife's answer will come in a sealed envelope so there will be no publicity in your affairs. There is one other thing. We have nothing to sell, so please do not send money. Simply write with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 233 Park Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., taking care to write your name and full address plainly. We would suggest that you tell others who need this information, about my wife's offer, for we often wish that the whole world knew it.

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If you have **any** of these sure symptoms, **something's wrong with your Heart and this fine treatment is just what you need.**

Don't make the mistake of thinking it's only your Stomach, Kidneys or Bowels that are troubling you. Lots of people make that mistake. They say, "It don't amount to anything—it will go away of itself."—and some day, all of a sudden they drop dead of Heart Disease—just as you read about and hear of all around you every day.

Six out of every ten persons have Heart Disease! Sixty thousand people die of it every year. They doctor the Stomach, Kidneys, or Female Organs **when it's really the Heart that's causing all the trouble,** and that's getting worse every day though they don't even suspect it.

Don't take any more chances, no matter what you may think your trouble is, but if you have the slightest symptom of Heart Trouble, **write us today for this full free treatment and book.** We will send both by mail in plain package, securely sealed, postpaid and there will be

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for it in anyway. Remember, this isn't just a little "sample" or trial, but a **generous, genuine, regular full size treatment.** And it's yours gladly and freely, just for the asking—because we want to show you **without cost** what this grand treatment will do.

No matter how bad off you are—no matter if you think Heart Disease incurable—no matter if some common doctor has said that you can't be cured, be fair to yourself, give us a chance—don't fail to test this grand treatment.

It has cured—we don't mean just helped, **but cured** thousands of cases of Heart Disease—many of which had been pronounced hopeless.

It will set your stomach right, remove constipation, clear your blood, steady your nerves and build up your whole system, besides strengthening and curing the Heart.

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Do you feel weak and run down?
Do you have numb spells?
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Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

U. S. CONSTITUTIONAL CLAUSE

I would like to have you publish the first clause of section 2, of article I, of the United States constitution.—B. B. H., Gap, W. Va.

Article 1, section 2, clause I, of the constitution is as follows: "The house of representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several states, and the electors in each state shall have the qualifications requisite for the electors of the most numerous branch of the state legislature."

JOHN B. GOUGH

I would like to have a sketch of the life of John B. Gough.—A. M. H., Lyons, Va.

John Bartholomew Gough, the American temperance lecturer, was born in England, August 22, 1817, and died in Pennsylvania, February 18, 1886. In 1829 Gough came to America and engaged himself as a bookbinder in New York. Falling into bad ways and a dissipated life he was forced to give up his work and had to give recitations and sing comic songs in low grog shops. In 1842 he was induced to attend a temperance meeting and take the pledge. He not only made up his mind to reform but decided to help others do so too. Save for a short relapse, a few months later, his pledge was kept, and before long, as a temperance lecturer, he became one of the most popular public speakers in England and America. It was through these two countries that Gough made several temperance tours. In later life he handled literary and social themes as well as temperance subjects in his lectures.

PARCELS POST

Will you please tell me what you can about the parcels post?—C. B. J., Woodlawn, Va.

The international parcels post system was extended during the year 1911 to Hungary, Dutch Guiana and Brazil, and negotiations were begun with Haiti, Santo Domingo, Argentina and the South African colonies. In the year 1910, 1,490,718 pounds of parcels-post mails were dispatched from the United States, or 31 per cent more than in the previous year. An increase of 28 per cent of this kind of mail was received from foreign countries. Efforts were made in congress to introduce a domestic parcels post but nothing was accomplished. The postmaster-general of the United States recommends the adoption of this system on rural mail routes. The claim is that the delivery of parcels weighing 11 pounds, the weight limit for the international parcels post, would not require an increased number of rural mail carriers or equipment. Instead it is said that increased revenues would be the result, and the parcels-post would be adopted generally all over the country.

LEGAL HOLIDAYS

Is there any national holiday observed in the United States? Please give a list of the holidays that are observed.—J. C. S., Big Rapids, Mich.

There is no national holiday, not even the Fourth of July. Congress has at various times appointed a special holiday. In the second session of the Fifty-third congress it passed an act making Labor Day a public holiday in the District of Columbia, and it has recognized the existence of certain days as holidays for commercial purposes, but with the exception named, there is no general statute on the subject. The proclamation of the President designating a day of Thanksgiving only makes it a legal holiday in the District of Columbia and the territories.

The following are the legal holidays and the states in which they are observed:

January 1, New Year's Day: In all states (including District of Columbia) except Kansas and Massachusetts. (In Maine a bank holiday only legally).

January 8, Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans: In Louisiana.

January 19, Lee's Birthday: In Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Alabama and Arkansas.

February — Mardi-Gras Day: In the parish of New Orleans, Louisiana.

February 12, Georgia Day: In Georgia.

February 12, Lincoln's Birthday: In California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, West Virginia and Wyoming.

February 22, Washington's Birthday: In all the states, District of Columbia and Alaska.

March 2, Anniversary of Texan Independence: In Texas.

March 4, Inauguration Day: In District of Columbia in years when a President of the U. S. is inaugurated.

April (first Monday), Annual Spring Election: In Michigan.

April 5, 1912, Good Friday: Alabama, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Maryland, Minnesota, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Tennessee.

April 12, Halifax Independence Resolutions: In North Carolina.

April 13, Thomas Jefferson's Birthday: In Alabama.

April 19, Patriots' Day: In Maine and Massachusetts.

April 21, Anniversary of the Battle of San Jacinto: In Texas.

April 26, Confederate Memorial Day: In Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi.

May 10, Confederate Memorial Day: In North Carolina and South Carolina.

May (second Friday) Confederate Day: In Tennessee.

May 20, Anniversary of the Signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence: In North Carolina.

May 30, Decoration Day: In all the states, District of Columbia and Alaska, except Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas.

June 3, Jefferson Davis' Birthday: In Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas and South Carolina. In Louisiana known as "Confederate Memorial Day." In Virginia, in public schools.

June (last Wednesday), Primary Election Day: In North Dakota.

July 4, Independence Day: In all the states, District of Columbia and Alaska.

July 10, Admission Day: In Wyoming.

July 24, Pioneer Day: In Utah.

July (fourth Saturday) Primary Election Day in Texas.

August. Primary Election Days: In Missouri.

August 1, Colorado Day: In Colorado.

August 16, Bennington Battle Day: In Vermont.

September 2, 1912, Labor Day: In all the states, District of Columbia and Alaska. In Louisiana, observed in Orleans parish. In Wyoming by proclamation of the governor.

September (first Tuesday), Primary Election Day: In Wisconsin and in Oregon the even years.

September 9, Admission Day: In California.

September 12, "Old Defenders' Day" In Baltimore, Md.

October 12, Columbus Day: In Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Idaho, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, Texas, Vermont and Washington.

October 31, Admission Day: In Nevada.

November 1, All Saints' Day: In Louisiana.

November (first Friday), Pioneer Day: In Montana it is observed in public schools.

November —, General Election Day: In Arizona, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Illinois (in Cairo, Chicago, Danville, Springfield, East St. Louis, Galesburg and Rockford only) Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio (from 5:30 a. m. to 9 a. m. only). Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming, in the years when elections are held therein. In 1912 in states holding such elections the date is November 8.

November, 1912, Thanksgiving Day (usually the last Thursday in November): Is observed in all the states and in the District of Columbia, though in some states it is not a statutory holiday.

December 25, Christmas Day: In all the states (except Kansas), District of Columbia and Alaska.

Sundays and Fast Days are legal holidays in all the states which designate them as such.

There are no statutory holidays in Mississippi, but by common consent the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas are observed. In New Mexico, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Labor Day, Flag Day (June 14), and Arbor Day are holidays when so designated by the governor. In South Carolina, Thursday of Fair week is a legal holiday.

Arbor Day is a legal holiday in Arizona, Florida, Maryland, New Mexico, Wisconsin and Wyoming, the day being set by the governor; in Texas, February 22; Nebraska, April 22; Utah, April 15; Rhode Island, second Friday in May; Montana, second Tuesday in May: Georgia, first Friday in December; Colorado and Maine (school holiday only), third Friday in April; in Oklahoma, the Friday following the second Monday in March; in Arkansas, first Saturday in March.

Every Saturday after 12 o'clock noon is a legal holiday in California in public offices, Illinois (in cities of 200,000 or more inhabitants), Maryland, Michigan, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Virginia, the District of Columbia (for banking purposes), and in New Orleans, La., and Charleston, S. C.; in Louisiana in all cities exceeding 15,000 inhabitants; in Missouri in cities of 100,000 or more inhabitants; in Tennessee, for state and county offices, and in Colorado during June, July and August; in Indiana, first Saturday in June to last Saturday in October, inclusive, for all public offices in counties having a county seat of 100,000 population or more and in the state offices of New Hampshire.

ILLINOIS DIVORCE LAW

Please give the divorce law of the state of Illinois.—S. S. D., Cave Springs, Ark.

One must live in Illinois for one year before a divorce can be secured. The causes for the granting of a decree are desertion two years, habitual drunkenness two years, former existing marriage, cruelty, felony, physical incapacity, and attempt on life of other party. The divorced party cannot marry again before a year has elapsed.

POPULAR VOTE IN 1904

I would like to know the popular vote for President in the election of 1904.—S. M., Louisville, Tenn.

In 1904 Parker, the Democrat, received 5,077,971 votes; Roosevelt, the Republican, 7,623,486; Debs, Socialist, 402,283; Swallow, Prohibitionist, 258,536; Corrigan, Socialist Labor, 31,249; and Watson, Populist, 117,183.

MANGANESE

Please give a description of the mineral known as manganese.—L. L. P., Dungannon, Va.

Manganese is a metallic element widely distributed in nature, though it never occurs except in combination with other elements. The dioxide was supposed to be a compound of iron until 1774, when Scheele proved it to be a compound of a previously unknown metal, and in the same year Gahn prepared the element in its metallic form. Metallic manganese is not used in the arts, but some of its alloys with iron, aluminum and copper are valuable. It is particularly valuable in steel, its presence in small amount increasing the hardness, tenacity and elasticity of the metal. The manganese of commerce is usually not the metal itself, but a mixture of its oxides. Some forms of the manganese are used in chemistry, the arts and in medicine.

MONROE DOCTRINE

Will the Question Bureau please inform me as to the history of the Monroe doctrine?—J. P. J., Mt. Airy, N. C.

The term Monroe doctrine has been popularly used for three principles which at different times have governed the policy of the United States toward Latin America. They are (1) the declaration made in 1823 by President Monroe; (2) various theories of our relations to Latin America, which theories, by several presidents and secretaries of state from 1845 to 1885, have been set forth as forms of the Monroe doctrine; (3) the general doctrine that the United States has a "paramount interest" in American affairs, a doctrine rapidly developed since 1890. The doctrine has been applied several times since it was made the basis of action by the government. The first was in 1865, when the Emperor Napoleon III. of France was informed that the United States considered the French troops in Mexico, supporting the Emperor Maximilian, to be repugnant to that doctrine, with an intimation that General Sheridan's army, already in Texas on the Rio Grande, might be used to drive them out. Napoleon yielded, withdrew the French troops, and Maximilian's capture and execution by the Mexicans followed. The other case was when President Cleveland interfered in the dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain.

ROBERT MORRIS

I would like to have the Question Bureau please give me a sketch of the life of Robert Morris.—J. H. B., Whiteford, Mo.

Robert Morris, the American financier, was born in 1734, and died in England. In 1747 Morris came to America, engaging in business in Philadelphia, seven years later. He was one of those opposed to the stamp act, and it was against his business interests that he signed the non-importation agreement in 1765. In 1775, 1776 and 1777 he was elected to the continental congress, and while a member voted against the declaration of independence as premature, but when it was passed he signed it. From 1781 to 1784 he was superintendent of finance. During the revolutions his services in assisting the government in its finances were of a large value. He pledged his persoal credit for supplies for the army, and at one time to the amount of $1,400,000, without which the campaign of 1781 would have been almost impossible. Morris established what was known as the bank of North America. He was a member of the convention which framed the federal constitution, and from 1789 to 1795 was a member of the U. S. senate. While serving his term he was offered the position of secretary of the treasury, but declined, suggesting the name of Alexander Hamilton for the post.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE

Please tell about the laying of the Atlantic cable and how many times it was broken.—C. G., Birds, Ill.

In 1854 Cyrus West Field conceived the idea of what was the germ of one of the greatest enterprises of modern times—that of telegraphic communication between the old world and the new. His first step was to obtain legal authority. For this purpose he went, in March, 1854, to St. Johns, Newfoundland, and obtained from the legislature of that colony a charter granting an exclusive right for 50 years to establish a telegraph from the continent of America to Newfoundland, and thence to Europe; and he thereupon associated with himself Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Chandler White and Wilson Hunt, of New York, under the title of the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph company, for the purpose of carrying this design into effects. Mr. Field thenceforth devoted himself almost exclusively to the execution of this project. To build the land line of telegraph across Newfoundland and Cape Breton island took more than two years. While this was in progress he went to England and ordered a submarine cable, to connect Cape Ray and Cape Breton. This was sent out in 1855, but was lost in a gale in the attempt to lay it across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The attempt was renewed the following year with success. In 1856 he went to London and there organized the "Atlantic Telegraph company," to carry the line across the ocean, and himself subscribed for one-fourth of the whole capital of the company. By his personal application he procured from the British and American government aid in ships, and accompanied the expedition, which sailed from England in 1857 and 1858, for the purpose of laying the cable across the Atlantic ocean. Twice the attempt failed—in 1857, and the first time in 1858. The third attempt proved successful; and in August, 1858, telegraphic communication was established across the ocean. The cable, however, worked only a few weeks, and then became silent. To resuscitate the project now became more difficult than ever, as the public had lost faith. From that time it was kept alive by the ardent faith and indomitable will of its projector. He was continually passing to and fro between America and Europe, inspiring fresh courage and gathering new resources. Civil war broke out in the United States, and the nation, absorbed in its own affairs, had no time for foreign enterprises. Thus seven years passed away before the expedition was prepared. A better cable was constructed, and the Great Eastern took it on board, and sailed to the west. Over 1,200 miles had been laid, when by a sudden lurch of the ship, the cable snapped and was lost. The year 1866 saw still another expedition, which this time proved successful. The cable, 2,000 miles long, was safely stretched across the ocean, and the communication proved perfect.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. V., W., Quaker City, Ohio—We have no list of the names of those persons who accompanied William Penn to this country.

G. C. B., Canal Dover, Ohio—We printed a biography of Eugene V. Debs in the Bureau of January 25, 1912.

O. C. C., Dundee, N. Y.—A club is incorporated by applying to the secretary of state in the state where the club is organized. A lawyer's assistance is necessary, however.

G. D., Markleton, Pa.—The governments of China and Portugal are both republican in form.

W. W. K., Crowell, Tex.—Fillmore and Taft are the only United States presidents who have belonged to the Unitarian church.

C. H. T., Sacramento, Cal.—There are no tides on the Great Lakes like those on the ocean.

E. A. M., Weedsport, N. Y.—From New York to Panama by way of steamer the distance is 1,981 miles, and from the isthmus to San Francisco it is 3,277 miles.

M. D. R., Flat Rock, Ill.—Joseph B. Foraker was governor of Ohio from 1886 to 1889 inclusive.

G. W., Alfred, Ohio.—The last syllable in the name "Arkansas" is pronounced like the word "saw."

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Spun Glass Hair.

Harper's Weekly.

No one outside the artificial hair business knows the difficulty that merchants in hair goods have experienced in getting material of sufficient quality — especially in braids—at anything like the prices which most people are willing to pay. Many countries, indeed, place such restrictions on wig makers, owing to hygienic reasons, that natural hair is becoming more and more rare.

In certain parts of France, the expedient was resorted to of making wigs from certain fibrinous plants; especially was this done with those which have served to furnish material for rugs and blankets. By splitting the fibers very fine and treating them chemically, it was possible to make artificial hair, but the labor involved the asking of prices that were almost prohibitive. Moreover, complaints were made that the substitute was not satisfactory. Horsehair was treated to a like process of division and brightening, but the imitation, except for the very poor class of trade, signally failed. Now, thanks to a series of experiments, it has been found possible to utilize spun crystal for the purpose, reducing it to any shade which may be desired and to any degree of fineness. Indeed, the resemblance to human hair is said to be all but absolute. The new product has the advantage, moreover, of weighing very little, and "hair" made of glass presents an appearance of luster and is, above all, thoroughly hygienic.

An Honest Pharmacist.

That "honesty is the best policy" is an axiom that has not been received with entire favor in France may be inferred from the following: Last November a Paris pharmacist who had made a blunder in a medicine that he had prepared discovered soon after delivering it to an unknown woman that he had put into it a most dangerous poison. He inserted in a number of daily papers a notice warning the unknown customer not to use the medicine. This conscientious publication has had a most disagreeable result for the pharmacist. He was hunted out by the police for having delivered a poisonous substance without a physician's prescription. He has just settled by paying a fine of 100 francs.

But the customer had not remained unknown or undiscovered. The police had found her. She had not seen any of the notices the pharmacist had put in the papers. But, dowered with an excellent scent, she had not used the medicine "because it did not seem quite right."

Copper Coinage in France.

London Evening Standard.

There is a famine of copper coins in Paris just now. The big business firms in Paris feel it most, and the absurd position has arisen that firms which need a certain amount of copper coinage every day have been obliged to pay as much as 5 per cent premium for half pennies and pennies in any large amount. Inquiries at the mint do not elucidate the mystery. The mint struck £60,000 worth of copper coinage during 1911, turning out between £480 and £600 of pence and half pence every day. Owing to the famine, £80,000 worth of copper coins will be issued this year, but it is still a mystery what becomes of them. Superficial thinkers blame the increase of omnibus traffic, the tube and the extension of the use of the penny in the slot machines of all possible kinds, but even the penny in the slot machines, though they absorb copper coinage in large quantities, disgorge it eventually, so that the famine remains inexplicable.

Millinery in China.

Peking News.

Speaking to a Chinese gentleman the other day, an Englishman asked him if the Chinese ladies will emulate the men and go in for western headgear. In reply, he beamed a smile most childlike and bland.

Pressed for something more definite, he remarked: "Did you not know that it is a well known fact among the Chinese that the reason so many European husbands look harassed and care ridden and the further reason why so many of our young men refrain from marriage is this very question of millinery? Ladies' hats cost so much that they spell ruin, and so we Chinese have told our women folk that we absolutely forbid them to follow western fashions in this regard, whatever they may do in other directions."

Holland Sends Money.

Holland is a nation of money lending proclivities. Its per capita wealth is great, yet of late such drains have been made on the surplus by the United States, Canada, Mexico, South America and Africa, that the rates are steadily advancing. The actual amount of money in Holland has, of course, not diminished, but the organization of numerous mortgage banks to do business with foreign countries has worked the field so thoroughly that available funds are almost exhausted, while the development of intensive agriculture at home has also required more capital. A few large loans on American and Canadian lands at 5 per cent are still floated, but that is bed rock, 6 per cent being more general; at the same time the security must be unimpeachable.

Substitute for Rubber.

Harper's Weekly.

Two German chemists appear to have succeeded in working out a practical substitute for India rubber. They use as a basis the oil of the soja bean. Two parts of the oil are treated with one part of nitric acid, resulting in an emulsion. The emulsion is heated to the boiling point of water, and becomes changed into a uniform gummy mass. After washing with water, this mass is dissolved in dilute ammonia water (5 per cent.), and from this solution a precipitate is obtained by neutralizing with some dilute acid. This precipitate is again washed with water, and heated to about 112 degrees Fahrenheit. The final product is an elastic substance very similar to India rubber and capable of being vulcanized.

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READ the story told in these pictures. A story in BLACK and WHITE. The BLACK area shows the EXTENT of the Disease. The WHITE shows the area reached by Different Remedies.

Fig. 1—THE BLACK, in the above cut, shows the wide extent of catarrh—ALL THROUGH THE HEAD, DOWN INTO THE THROAT (K) INTO THE LUNGS (M & L); into the ears (C); into the frontal sinus (H); into the sphenoidal sinus (D); etc.
TO CURE CATARRH IN THE ABOVE PARTS IT MUST BE REACHED BY THE REMEDY.

Fig. 2—Illustrates the inevitable failure of SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc. SEE how much BLACK remains to show the parts unreached—how little of the WHITE to show the parts that are reached.

Fig. 3—Shows how little can be done by ATOMIZERS, SPRAYS, DOUCHES, and all WASHES and LIQUIDS.
By no possibility can these methods of treatment reach the real seat of the disease.
WHY THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY, and sacrifice your health, perhaps your life, by trifling with your disease in this way? THERE IS A BETTER WAY. (See Fig. 4).

Dr. Blosser's Discovery

While engaged in the general practice of medicine Dr. Blosser had many patients suffering from Catarrh whom he was unable to cure, although he prescribed for them by the rules taught in medical books and colleges. He saw that the methods of treatment were wrong and reasoned that as Catarrh is produced by breathing cold and damp air, so it should be cured by breathing a warm, medicated vapor.

After nine years of investigation he discovered a combination of healing herbs, leaves and flowers, which, when ignited, and the warm fumes inhaled would speedily relieve all catarrhal diseases. As shown in the **accompanying illustrations** the warm, healing vapor is carried directly to the very parts affected. This remedy **fights** and **kills** Catarrh where liquids, sprays, douches, salves and medicated creams cannot possibly go. It is a most reliable treatment, and is so simple and convenient that **it can be used at home** by man, woman or child.

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Mexico is more bother than the neighbor who keeps a crowing rooster.

No man can prove the soundness of his argument by betting that he is right.

It is not very important as to who owns the South Pole. Who wants to own it?

"Laura Jean Libbey says that widows want companionship." So do widowers.

It is probably too much to expect China to produce a model republic on short notice.

"Old Doc Cook is planning to fly to the Pole." Probably has the story written now.

Two Texas girls were arrested for stealing a bath. Probably a new form of kleptomania.

King George has invented a fuel saving stove. Even a king can be useful when he tries.

"Votes for women!" will add a feminine note to the noise of the next political campaign.

The Filipinos are not quite ready for civilization. They have adopted the American college yell.

If girls are going to do the proposing some of the old codgers will wish that they were young again.

The Chicago University professor who has discovered only 49 lies should not become discouraged.

Colonel Roosevelt is well recommended by his employer. That is another thing that is in his favor.

The New York legislature is considering an anti-treating bill. It may reach the nine-foot bedsheet later.

When we read that a Mexican lived to be 127 years old, revolutions and cigarettes do not seem deadly.

Italy might have had Turkey whipped by this time had they given the war correspondents a chance.

The cable doesn't send us any information as to what the husbands of the English suffragettes are doing.

One way a man can keep from accumulating wealth is to occupy his time cussing those who have it.

An operation has changed the character of a Michigan convict. Cutting out a man's meanness is a triumph.

The revival of the sorghum industry ought to be interesting to the man who has eight or nine small children to feed.

Mr. Bryan has found another choice for the presidency, but there is lots of time between now and convention week.

There are enough reform movements in the country for everybody to belong to one. But, then, who would there be left to reform?

"Usually," says a philosopher, "a man is a poor judge of his own importance." But he rarely gets the estimate too low.

We don't pretend to know where the brass bands stand, but they ought to be in favor of Mr. Roosevelt as a business proposition.

"What is more forlorn than a lost dog?" asks a Boston writer. Evidently written by someone who never saw a lost sheep.

We can think of nothing more incongruous just at this writing than for the man who wears a fuzzy hat to harbor a hairless Mexican dog.

A Philadelphia judge has decided that, according to law, a wife can take money from her husband's pockets. Law covers a multitude of sins.

We should always remember that only a small per cent of the boys who run away from home come back to raise the mortgage off the farm.

An eagle seized and devoured a fat hen belonging to John D. Rockefeller. We thought John D. had all stray eagles locked up in his money vaults.

Every man has something of the angel in him, says a Pittsburg minister. This space (.....) is reserved for any comment our women readers may wish to make.

A THIRD CANDIDATE

The belief is growing that the men behind the administration forces for the renomination of President Taft—the potent men, McKinley, Penrose, Smoot—are playing the game under cover for a third candidate against Roosevelt. Mr. McKinley's hatred for Taft was shown four years ago when he was the last man in the national convention to yield to the demand for the nomination of Mr. Taft. Since Smoot, Penrose and McKinley are in such close touch, the suspicion that they have determined that only a dark horse can beat Roosevelt, has increased in violence. A chapter is added to the growing volume of circumstantial evidence by the Pittsburg Press, stand-pat organ, which says editorially:

That the contest now being waged between President Taft and Col. Roosevelt is one of extreme hazard to any cause or principles the party represents, is so plain as hardly to require argument. He is a very careless observer who has not taken note of the fierce hatred which is flaming up on both sides. The Republican voters of this country have witnessed more than one bitter feud, and they have almost invariably refused, in self-defence, to take a candidate from either party to such factional warfare. Party salvation in times of crisis has repeatedly been secured by the nomination of a "dark horse" or neutral candidate. Thus the convention in 1876 rejected both Conkling and Blaine and nominated Rutherford B. Hayes on the seventh ballot. In 1880, when Blaine and Grant were the opposing candidates and when the famous 306 stood out for Grant without a single break during the three whole days of excited voting, the convention solved the problem by naming a dark horse of the deepest hue, James A. Garfield, on the thirty-sixth ballot.

A NEWS ITEM OF THE FUTURE.

Upon the map of the heavens which the Blade publishes month by month, is indicated a star with a name like the heroine in a Norse romance—Vega—not inappropriate for a star as one sees its faint light with the naked eye, but scarcely fitting the reality of a ball of fire huge and terrible. It is worth while to learn to recognize Vega, for it is scheduled for affairs of peculiar interest in the career of this globe.

Astronomers have learned that the solar system—our sun and its family of planets—is falling through space at the rate of nineteen miles a second. We are one of two streams of heavenly bodies which are moving in opposite directions. The way the solar system is racing is toward Vega.

It is comforting to know that this star is still some billions of miles away—so far that the human race may have reached its climax, worked out its destiny, waxed and begun to wane, before it shall have become necessary to worry lest Vega's gravitation will disturb the speed and orderly procession of the planets. Astronomers have not yet figured out that point, a duty they would seem to be leaving for the generations of star-gazers yet unborn.

In the meantime we might as well keep an eye on Vega, for it will help us to remember that nothing is an absolute certainty, no matter how cocksure be our habit of speech and our faith that we've a true line upon the future.

ISOLATION.

The world our grandfathers knew, that was always days behind the news, and in winter weeks behind, is gone. There is no such thing as isolation in the United States even where they speak of being in the backwoods.

In the following budget of happenings, you will find the primitive note keeping company with industrial promotion, the sin of high prices and the crying issue of the tariff:

Marion Hays saw a large bear track in Salt Spring branch. David Link running a wildcat with dogs met the cat in the hills and as have had no gun the cat braced itself for a good look at Davey, who gave him a rock in the head, after which both went their way and never looked back. Some talk again of a standard railroad on the river. Getting keg wood and railroad ties is the trade of our people here. Sam Donahew has a fine beef cow for sale, weighing 1,000 pounds, for $26. John Wiley and Lafe Staton have finished gathering corn. School will close here the 21st inst. Times seem to be hard. Arbuckle coffee at Yale 28c, flour 85c, bacon 15c to 20c per pound, and labor shorter than in 1865; if this is tariff take it off quick.

The only isolated American is some poor Yankee stranded in a foreign land. There is none left in this country.

THE VOICE THAT CALLED.

When that Patrick who was to win the halo of the saint returned to the place of his birth after being slave to an Irish chieftain, a herder of cattle, a sailor, a wanderer in Gaul and a student in a monostery, he heard a voice whispering to him out of the night:

"We pray thee, holy youth, to come and walk again amongst us as before."

And that he might walk a strong and well trained teacher, equal to cope with the paganism of the land of his captivity, Patrick turned eastward again. For fourteen years he studied before the credentials of a missionary were put in his hand. His first church was a barn. He was received upon suffrance. Christianity in the island was merely a rim around the coast. It had to abide in the same bed with the fiery native faith. The books treat Patrick's memory coldly. They are inclined to accept the trials of strength with the Druid priests, the debates with the wise men of the courts, the overthrow of the idol known as Cenn Cruaich in the plain of Mag Slechh, the bold appropriation of the king's bonfire material and the driving out of the snakes, with a good deal of caution. The credit the historians do give him is that of organizing the church and giving it a firm foundation in Ireland.

But it is not for his executive talents that St. Patrick is glorified and his memory kept green by the descendants of his converts. The admiration for him lies in the traditions entwined as garlands in his story. For in them are bravery, physical and spiritual strength, a keen wit, an unfailing resourcefulness, enthusiasm and good will—the qualities best beloved by men.

The voice that the "holy youth" heard in the night was the voice that all men hear and to which the self-denying respond. It is the never-ceasing call to do that which the heart believes should be done above everything else. It will still be calling when St. Patrick will be so far away in the dim past that scholars will hold an autopsy upon him and pronounce him a myth.

ICONOCLASM OF THE FUTURE.

The foundation of "Libraries of Sound" at Berlin and Paris or in less imposing terms, phonographic storerooms, is in keeping with the practices of those scientific laboratories which seem to be devoted to puncturing popular beliefs.

Jenny Lind, by the accounts of the older inhabitants—some of whom heard her and some of who have claimed the honor so long they believe it themselves—has never been eclipsed by any later born vocalist. Yet were it possible to hear her again, faithfully chronicled upon a wax plate or cylinder, there might be other views. The people of Shakespeare's time are said to have accented their English like the Irish peasants do today. Perhaps they didn't. Still it is an idea which adds to the Irishman's self-respect and we ought to be happy that no phonograph record exists which might controvert it. How did Cicero pronounce his name—Sissero or Kickero? This is a pretty controversy that keeps teachers of Latin from dying of boredom like sheep in a blizzard. The phonograph could settle it if the thing had been invented in Cicero's day—for he was the kind of chap who wouldn't have overlooked such an agency of fame. How comforting to know he hadn't the chance!

The trouble with the phonograph is that it is too blessed matter-of-fact, too mechanically and indisputable truthful.

THE UNFAILING WORRY.

The original thirteen states were not only jealous of each other, but jealous also of the power they themselves set up when they created a central government. In the beginning, the state law was supreme. The citizen doffed his hat to the national flag, but his real allegiance was to the statutes of the legislature of his state, made and provided.

In 1789, the United States supreme court declared its authority to review state cases involving federal interests. Whereupon, certain states forbade their citizens to appeal state cases to the United States supreme court. Virginia openly declared its defiance of the federal court authority.

Yet, slowly the lines between the states lost their sharpness. Interstate commerce grew and the barriers of prejudice and jealousy came down. Then, when the Missouri Question was raised, the state's rights policy broke again into flame. Thomas Jefferson said the "knell of the union" had been sounded. Still, the country expanded. More and more the federal responsibility increased. A great war came on and it seemed that that had driven the last nail into the coffin of the doctrine of state's rights. But the poor old thing has been revived. Mr. Harmon and Mr. Wilson perceive the thing to be needful in the campaign of 1912. If their influence counts, it will be introduced into the Democratic national platform.

A hundred years hence when—it may be—half the states will have become consolidated with other states for the sake of economy and efficiency, when laws are standardized and the relationships between citizens simplified, politicians will rise and sound the "knell of the union." They will perceive that it is a terrible thing that a country should be one country and not a number of squares, oblongs and various colors on the maps—each with its outfit of paying offices.

BOOM TOWNS.

The once thriving village of Bay Mills, Mich., is for sale. Its mills and factories are silent and its houses deserted. The Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co., which owns most of the property, has placed it on the market. No public explanation is given, but it is obvious that it is no longer useful to the great corporation. While it is not often that whole towns are placed upon the auction block, the fate of Bay Mills but once demonstrates the peril that hovers near almost every boom town, community or country devoted almost exclusively to one industry. For example, the whole life of the Welsh people depends upon the output of the mines, so that the great strike of the colliers has caused widespread distress and terrible suffering. Scores of mining towns in the western part of the United States have been wiped off the map when the ore leads failed. In Ohio and Pennsylvania may be found the doleful remnants of many once prosperous and booming oil and gas towns. A temporary suspension of activity in the automobile business put a blight upon Flint, Mich., which had been growing so marvelously that workmen were obliged to establish camps in the woods or sleep in hammocks.

With their diverse resources and varied industries, most Ohio cities are extremely fortunate. A strike or slump in one line cannot greatly weaken the sustaining power of the community at large and the suffering is correspondingly less. With its diversified industries, Toledo is peculiarly immune to industrial and commercial disturbances and its general prosperity can be affected only by a money-panic of national scope.

The man who would rather be right than President never expects to be President.

The most convincing argument is the one you make with yourself.

THE LONG WAY AROUND.

That great progressive institution, the University of Wisconsin, has established classes for the conquest of restlessness. It has been observed by members of the faculty that many students fidget and yawn while at recitation. Others tap the floor with their toes or run their fingers through their hair or gaze longingly out of the windows. Weariness with routine is so prevalent at Wisconsin that the university feels it can do no better than give the students lessons in the control of nerves.

But why have classes to teach the young idea how not to fidget? There are surely simpler ways to reach this end. Supposing the fidgeters were read letters from home warning them that they must acquire the gift of paying attention or quit college? Or suppose others were informed that extra tasks would be asigned them if they could not show more interest? After that there wouldn't be enough fidgets left in the university to go around all the classes.

Yet if there are long and short ways to reach a given point, you may depend upon it the colleges would prefer the long.

A WORD FOR THE CITIES.

Let us pause a moment in the prevailing business of describing rural life to the disadvantage of urban life and behold what the cities are doing.

You will find all those cities which have gained sufficient growth to acquire problems struggling to solve them, to find true formulas of government, to gain prosperity and the spread of it, to improve their looks and their desirability as living places.

The commission plan of government, a device which has developed only partially out of necessity, has the germs of better government for the states. We are like to hear of its application beyond the confines of municipalities. The research bureaus are patterns not only for cities, but also for industries and general education. The local improvement societies are developing not only city pride, but far-reaching benefits in publicity. The marketing schemes fathered by a few daring municipal officers have served to quicken the spirit of organization among farmers, the last to seize its advantages. The fight on corruption goes deeper into the question of official ethics than does the same kind of a protest in smaller communities and in state and federal governments. The "City Beautiful" movements are to prove of untold value in teaching the nobler and sweeter side of living.

The communities are sometimes dark and cold and cruel, but seeds of wonderful plants germinate in their pavements.

AN EMPIRE GOES TRADING.

There is a little island in the North Sea that England used to own. Its people were English. It had the English ways, the English traditions, the deep national hold that England has bred her people to. One day a mail steamer took news to the island that the British government had traded it off to Germany in exchange for the withdrawal of the German claims in Zanzibar.

The Germans are making a great fortification of the island. Secrecy and sympathy with the project on the part of the inhabitants is of vital importance and though Germany has been at pains to observe the letter of an agreement with Britain she has, out of necessity, violated its spirit—giving the best employments to the German born, taught the German tongue in the schools, held the English off and given them no leave to wander about where they might learn the secrets of the military works.

England, today, is making a strong appeal to the loyalty of her colonies. And obtaining it. As mark the rejection of American reciprocity in Canada. But were the colonies not of need, were there no prospect that their arms would some day be called upon and their treasuries begged for, England would quite as ruthlessly trade one of them off for commercial advantages as she traded poor little Hellogoland to the Germans.

It was the English law which pronounced corporations soulless. The English government is not much better off.

FLOUR.

A larger demand for flour has been met by a decrease in the exports and not by an increase in the output. The census returns show that the mills have made a gain of only 2 per cent in production in five years, while the exports have dropped from 17,000,000 barrels in 1904 to 10,500,000 in 1909, the year the last statistics were gathered.

In the five years the price of flour has increased about 50 cents per barrel wholesale. In that period the flouring trade has had to meet increased demands on the part of labor. It has had to undergo the same changes which most industries have been forced to by improvements in equipment. In many places, doubtless, taxes have been increased, as well as freight and handling charges. Most important of all, wheat prices have risen. The industry, then, would seem to be free of the manipulation and marketing agreements which have become so marked a part of almost all industry.

THE PRICE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Where men first went down to the sea in ships they sailed with the coast line for guidance and the beaches in plain sight for safety. Timidly, with sudden reaction of terror and misgiving, they ventured into deep waters and slowly, slowly developed an art of navigation.

What a different story with the lessons in navigation upon the Great Lakes!

Whatever is known of navigation on these seas has been learned by sheer daring and iron endurance. It has been no timid testing with the toes, no easily oozing courage. Tuition in the school of lake sailing has been collected in human lives and treasure. Of the Iroquois war parties who paddled canoes from the Niagara to the St. Mary's and even to the mouth of the Chicago river, there is reason to believe that scarce one in three ever was heard of again. What human enemies did not stay, the waves and winds did. As the basic endowment of the white man's school went La Salle's 50-ton Griffin. With her namesake, which burned east of Cleveland, went a contribution of 286 lives. The Atlantic, lost off Long Point, added 300 lives. Somewhere between Dunkirk and Erie lies the Dean Richmond with $50,000 worth of pig zinc in her hold. The bodies of her crew came ashore, sole news of the wreck. Off Sturgeon Point is the Dacotah, with every man jack of her crew in the sands with her. The Erie put $180,000 emigrants' savings into the funds, besides the souls of the emigrants. To the school, the Young Sion gave a cargo of railroad iron, the Clarion, one of locomotives. The Kent bumped upon Pelee and the fortune that was in her is thereabouts. If the waters of Erie were wilder after the Lexington and the Anthony Wayne went down, the reason might not be hard to guess. The two had 410 barrels of whisky and wine under their hatches.

It is natural that only recently has recklessness been rebuked, only recently that a reward has been held out for the cautious. The first lessons had to be learned by daring and the endurance that could not flinch.

ONE OF THE NEW ARTS.

The statement is often made that advertising is an ancient device for the movement of goods. It is to be noted in the mosaics of Pompeii, upon the clay tablets of the Chaldeans, in the scratchings of the walls of the caves inhabited by primitive man. But that sort of stuff is like the constant efforts of wet-blanket old wiseacres to prove that full descriptions of everything that ever was invented, that ever was thought of, that ever was brought into being, are to be found in some musty Chinese tome.

Advertising isn't old. It is so new that much of it sounds like the talk of "raw-raw" youngsters. In spite of the fact that millions of dollars have been spent upon it, in spite of the fact that it is the sole distributor of millions of dollars worth of goods, in spite of the fact that in instances it has come to be recognized as the one indispensable middleman, its true formulas and designs and specifications have not yet been worked out. There does not exist today an authoritative text-book on advertising. Not until the Associated Advertising Club of America was organized was effort made to disseminate the information gathered by experts in the years of their experience.

Advertising still sports the garments of youth. But it has sufficiently been studied now that everyone concerned with it knows that it is going to be a lusty giant—as forceful as a railroad train, as direct as a rifle bullet, a more wonderful and unerring distributor of the products of industry and labor than the world has ever dreamed of.

THE NEW AGRICULTURE.

In one of the crop reports which it has been Secretary Wilson's proud privilege to write, it was declared that:

The corn yield per acre can be increased one-half within a quarter century.

Every acre in wheat can be made to produce as much again.

Oats, barley, rye and buckwheat are only on the margins of their possibilities of development.

The potato production per acre might well be doubled.

Three-quarters of a ton of tobacco should grow where 600 to 800 pounds are now gathered.

If hens could be made to produce one dozen more eggs per year, the value of their annual product would be increased $50,000,000.

These are the new marks for agriculture—not the opening of new lands, the plowing in of more pasture, the sacrifice of more wood lot area, but the selection of seeds and the cultivation of crops is wisely that every acre shall represent more wealth to be gathered.

TO FORESTALL THE FAKER.

The federal agricultural department has performed yeoman service in warning the farmer against the faker. That work has been supplemented by a number of the states.

It is one of the perennial duties with which the agricultural department charges its conscience to expose the fraud of "mummy" wheat, that ancient deceit which has not only fooled American farmers, but has unfortunately, appealed to the pulpit as an illustration to show the immortality of life. The "Russian" holly, which proved to be Osage orange, the Japanese cherry which was the sandhill plum of Michigan shores, the scarlet egg-plant which isn't worth while, the Swiss chardbeet, claimed as a heavenly combination of beet and asparagus—these are fakes more or less known. But there are worse ones—downright crooked, as the adulteration of seed, the sale of weed seed as genuine material, the mixing of the poisonous cockle in patent chicken feeds and the palming off of old plant forms as new or foreign.

So beset is the farmer with these bunko games that it seems only reasonable that the government should not only warn against them, but go farther in paternalism—see that they are stopped before anyone is cheated. The food supply of a country is its most serious consideration. The nation in rendering first aid to the farmer in this regard protects the sources of food. It should do this as readily as it erects fortifications at a harbor entrance.

The Missouri woman who got two dollars for the loss of her husband's affections would have felt that she had achieved a victory had she received only $1.98.

An Iowa woman recently bought for herself 232 pairs of shoes in one week and they all fitted. Wonder if her stockings had holes in the feet?

"Does any one know how many times a man can be in love?" asks Ed Howe. Does any one know of any man who wants to discuss the subject?

It is said that a beetle can lift eighteen hundred times its own weight, and yet who would want to be a beetle?

The battleship Maine has had a decent burial, which is more fit than having it scattered around as old junk.

Sylvia Pankhurst says window-smashing is not violence. The people on the inside doubtless disagree with her.

Notable example of impatience is the case of the Massachusetts man who committed suicide at the age of 93.

An oldest inhabitant is a person who can remember when the present winter began.

Every man thinks he is going to feel better, just as soon as spring comes.

Photographers never seem to tell a candidate for office to look pleasant.

Most people would rather talk about bad weather than sunshine.

Gumdrops, it seems, didn't enter into the South Pole discovery.

Sunday School

THE FIRST LAYMEN'S BANQUET

International Sunday School Lesson for March 23 Is "Feasting and Fasting." Mark 2:13-22.

By William T. Ellis.

This is the day of dinners in religion. Some cynical observers are saying that the principal movement of the laymen seems to be upon the tables. They get up a dinner for every occasion. The chief religious function of some leading laymen appears to be to attend banquets and endorse good works by somebody else. More or less criticism of this sort will not hurt and will probably help the laymen; for they see, more clearly than anybody else, the tendency of our busy times to substitute resolutions by men got together for dinners for active, steady, shirt-sleeves industry at the business of the kingdom.

There is good precedent for the fashion of giving laymen's dinners. It was at the call of Matthew, the wealthiest of the disciples of the Lord, that a great public dinner was given in honor of Jesus. And Jesus openly approved it. There is a primitive value on a common meal. For ages men got together about the same campfire and shared the some food, even as they do today in parts of Asia. Men know one another better after they have eaten together. Real fellowship has been promoted by the hundreds of laymen's dinners given throughout the land during the past few years. Now, as in old Capernaum, they attract public attention to the cause of the Guest of Honor.

Men, Meals and Religion.

An old heresy, which exists more widely in the popular thinking than in books or speech, contends that religion belongs to the humble places of life; that it is more at home in the cottage than in the palace, and that it is irreligious to wear evening clothes. The implication that Christianity is a second-rate thing has been responsible for turning many strong and successful men from it. So it is good to see the leading business men of a city gathered about the tables of the best hotel, considering the things that make for the progress of Christ's kingdom among men.

Religion is the best thing, and it claims the best people. There are no social lines in the kingdom of heaven, but it is important to let the world, which values these things, know that the leaders of earth are among disciples in the kingdom. And the Master needs all classes and kinds of men to put His new spirit into them all. The criticism has been widely and unjustly made that Wall street is running the Men and Religion Forward Movement. If some of the great financiers of the country are eager to serve God and the world through this agency, let us rejoice; and pray that they may themselves learn all the truth that this movement has faithfully preached. Let us not, in any pettiness of pride, refrain from trying to win the biggest of men, by this world's standards, into the company of discipleship. The Master needs their largeness of vision, their modernity, their skill in doing great tasks. The church should take the men who can take a city.

Worldly wisdom is not going to transform this world, but worldly wisdom may be the handmaiden of the Spirit of God, who alone will make society over. A few days ago a little group of men, most of them very wealthy, met in the Union League, New York, as a Men and Religion committee. It was suggestive to see the host, one of New York's leading citizens, say grace as naturally as in his own home. Jesus, the workingman, was once glad to be guest at a great feast made in His honor by a business man whose reputation had been decidedly shady. We may well beware of falling into the snobbery of the poor as well as into the snobbery of the rich. The brotherhood of Jesus touches life at all levels.

The Rout of Gloom.

Fashions change in faith, as men enter into a fuller understanding of the mind of God. The Puritan did not see much joy in religion. To him the escape from eternal doom was such a serious business that he acted as though it were sinful to be glad. We know better now. Our faith today is attuned to the note of joy. Some shallow-thinking persons are trying to make a complete creed out of mere optimism; which is carrying a truth to absurd lengths. But hope, and not fear; joy, and not sorrow; cheerfulness, and not gloom, are the vogue among Christians today. Religion is advertised by its sunny friends.

The gloom-guard got after Jesus. They disapproved of His going to a banquet, especially with a miscellaneous crowd. Their program of religion was the ascetic one of John the Baptist and the Pharisees. But this sunny, wholesome, normal Man, who was also God's Completest possible expression of Himself, spoke an unequivocal word for the social side of life. He declared that there is a time for feasting as well as a time for fasting. The Teacher who had hallowed the wedding feast at Cana sanctified the joys of life, as well as its duties. Indeed, joy itself may be a duty. The Guest at the publican's feast has a message to our time concerning well-rounded living.

The Financier's New Job.

There is a prosperous business man in Philadelphia who has given up the making of an income, in order to devote all his time to furthering the cause of missions. He thinks he has been promoted. Certainly he is in the goodly fellowship of the Apostle Matthew. That is what he did. A prosperous member of a despised class of tax collectors, Matthew was one day sitting at the receipt of custom—in his office, we would say nowadays—in the thriving city of Capernaum. What thoughts filled his mind of his social ostracism, because of his calling, we may not know. He was a Jew, whom love of money had shut out from good society, for, unlike our own times, society then inquired how a man made his money before it admitted him to social favor. The tax collector represented the hated Roman power, and as the position was farmed out to the highest bidder, there ensued no little oppression of the poor. While Matthew mused, Jesus, the celebrated new teacher and healer, drew nigh. He and His message were doubtless known to Matthew, whose business required him to be up to date in all things.

oT the boundless surprise of the tax collector, the Master halted, addressed him, and invited him to join the little group of His desciples. What an event for an unexpected hour! Co it is with life. We never know what God has in waiting for us around the next corner. One person who reads these words may meet for the first time his future wife before morning. Another may hear of the loss of a dear one. This man will get a promotion in business, that one a discharge. Half the zest of living is in its unexpectedness. And he who is ready for Christ, is ready for everything.

A conventional citizen of Capernaum would have advised Jesus that Matthew was beyond the pale. But God does not judge us by this world's standards, and he seems ever to have a peculiar interest in the man upon whom sociay turns its back. So the Master called Matthew. In getting him what a boon lay in store for all wise man of affairs became a steadfast disciple, and the author of the first Gospel. There was a historian hidden in Matthew. He had possibilities which only Jesus could see. That is the wonder that is being wrought over and over again. The acceptance of Christ means the beginning of a new and unsuspected career.

For Matthew himself that apparent surrender won immortality of name and influence. He seemed to be giving up prosperity to become the wandering disciple of a new Teacher with an uncertain future. Instead of the failure which his practical friends predicted, he won such a success as comes to only a few men in an age. If more young men today could be made to see the divine philosophy of unselfishness, the supreme gain of losing their lives for the kingdom's sake, we should hear less about the dearth of Christian leaders. Life lived by the Matthew program is surest success.

Knowing the Big Crowd.

Most of us see only our own crowd. We are not cosmopolitan. The banker talks with bankers; the preacher takes his social times at the preachers' meetings; the workingmen meet only workingmen. That way come class lines. Now for the weakling, who is not sure of himself, and is afraid of compromising his social position, it is prudent to flock with birds of his own feather. But for the big, real man, the Jesus type of personality, it is important to keep in touch with all kinds of people. Wise was the word, "I am a man, and nothing that is common to man can be alien to me." Says the late Sam Walter Foss, in his familiar lines:

Let me live in a house by the side of
the road, where the race of men
go by;
The men that are good, and the men
that are bad, as good and as bad
as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
nor hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of
the road, and be a friend to
man."

The critics objected to the fact that Jesus attended the feast which Matthew gave—although he never mentioned in his own book that he gave it. They did not like the company. They wanted Jesus to be regular, conventional, orthodox, and to belong to their crowd. Here He was, actually sitting at meat with perfectly "impossible" people. The idea of a rabbi sharing a meal with publicans and sinners! These little puppets of Mrs. Grundy did not realize how much bigger than any crowd of theirs was the fellowship of Jesus.

One of the hardest of all lessons for the church to learn is the catholicity of Christ's companionship. He keeps company with many folk who would not be welcome in some churches. He violates race prejudice, social lines, and all the absurd and multitudinous distinctions of our time. Especially does he love to share himself with the poor, the lowly and the outcast. Now, as in Capernaum, he eats with sinners and the socially non-elect. As The Christian Herald once said, the world draws many horizontal lines through society; but Jesus has no care for these so-called distinctions between upper, and middle and lower classes. He draws only one line to divide men, and it is vertical. On one side are his friends, and on the other his foes.

New doctrine indeed was this—no new patch on the old coat of Judaism, no new content for ancient religious wine-skins. Within and without, with a newness that was revolutionary, Jesus came to make all things new. He preached a kingdom of brotherhood, of service, of allegiance to God, and of personal salvation. Wherever that gospel has gone, whether to the painted savages of ancient Britain, or to the China of today, it has made all things new, and spread a wonderful feast for whosoever will sit at Christ's table.

Varieties

In France $5,911,000,000 is at present in circulation.

Cinnamon is a species of laurel that thrives in Ceylon.

Licorice root grows in abundance on the Ural territory of Russia.

Over 50 lightships are stationed around the English shores.

Homeseekers in great numbers are going to Florida from the west.

Glass milk bottles, with sealed discs, are increasingly used in London.

The colors of the new Chinese flag are red, yellow, white, black and blue.

The French minister of commerce has been petitioned to wage a war on tight dresses.

About one-third of the 18,000 employes in the British telephone service are women.

The Congo river and its tributaries furnish nearly 10,000 miles of navigable waterways.

Hammerstein's London opera house will seat 2,700 persons and the view of no one is blocked by a pillar.

Pulverized street rubbish and coal tar have been found to make good fuel briquettes in Amsterdam.

Two battleships now being built in England for Chile will be the largest battleships in existence—625 feet.

A plow for digging peanuts, which also shakes them from the vines, has been patented by a Missourian.

A cornet that can be played by a roll of perforated paper, like a piano player, is a New York man's invention.

The value of the total mineral output of Alaska in 1911 is estimated at $20,370,000, compared with $16,883,578 in 1910.

For the convenience of hunters an Illinois man has patented a decoy duck that folds into small compass when not in use.

In some parts of Mexico the natives hang the nests of large spiders in the houses to trap flies and other small insects.

A train of 134 empty gondolas recently passed over the tracks of the New York Central road at Batavia, N. Y. It was 5,360 feet long.

A light bar to be held against the upper lip by clasps fastened to the nostrils has been patented by a clergyman to prevent a sleeping person snoring.

A nail puller consisting of a curved shoulder and a toothed wheel eccentrically mounted is carried on one side of a hammer patented by a Washington man.

Bohemia has what is called "sour bonbons." The "bonbons" are tablets of two kinds, acid and alkali, and one pair is sufficient to produce about half a quart of soda water.

A sum of two million francs will be distributed this year and every succeeding year until 1921 among the French olive-growers. This will be a bounty averaging $1.17 an acre.

Chiefly for the use of naturalists is a new cane containing a compass, double lens, thermometer, sand glass, knife blade and kettle to hold specimens of flowers or insects.

A Connecticut inventor has mounted an ash can on wheels and equipped it with handles which can be locked to hold the affair stationary when the ashes are not required for moving it.

A metal backed ring of rubber fastened out a few inches from the wheel of an automobile is claimed by its inventor to prevent the splashing of mud on pedestrians and other vehicles.

France has an association which gives loans on the word of honor to the people. It is chiefly for men and women who are of humble position and in most of the cases the money is returned promptly.

Grant, elected as a Republican in 1868, and again in 1872, had never had anything to do with the part that motivated him. Indeed, before entering the army he voted for a proslavery Democrat.

For the convenience of frequent users of memorandum pads there has been invented a simple attachment to hold a pad on the wrist, yet permitting it to be swung to the back of the arm out of the way.

For signaling between aeroplanes an Ohio national guard officer has invented a device which emits large or small smudges of lampblack as a key pressed in imitation of Morse code dots and dashes.

Washington was a planter. Monroe, Johnson and Roosevelt classed as politicians when elected to office. William Henry Harrison, Taylor and Grant came out of the army. The other presidents were lawyers.

In the factories of this country the great problem is to stop the waste of heat. All the heat furnished by the burning coal should be converted into force for mechanical work. At present not one-tenth of it is so converted.

For use with a vacuum cleaner a Massachusetts woman has invented a glove, dust being drawn through tubes inserted in its palm, while small brushes are provided between the fingers to smooth down the nap of any fabric which the suction raises.

The number of vessels passing through the Suez canal last year was 4,969, and the receipts of the canal amounted to 134,010,000 francs ($26,802,000). The dredging of the canal to a depth of 35 feet (4 feet deeper than the former level) has been almost finished.

The aluminum industry has grown enormously from a production of less than 100,000 pounds in the United States in 1883. In the next 10 years it had become 350,000 pounds and in 1900 it was 7,500,000 pounds, while today it is 50,000,000 pounds.

Of the 11 presidents, beginning with Lincoln in 1861, all save Cleveland, a modern Democrat, have been Republicans. Before Lincoln the list included 2 Federalists (Washington and Adams), 4 old-line Republicans, 6 old-line Democrats and 3 Whigs.

The Marchioness of Dufferin, who as Flora Davis, was a reigning New York belle of the early 90s, has announced that she will go on the stage now that her husband's family's fortunes are at a low ebb. She rather favors the music halls for the big salaries that they pay.

Lord Howard de Walden, the richest bachelor in England, if not in all Europe, is about to be married. He is in his 32d year. His vast property interests in London, which yield him an annual income of about $1,500,000, was inherited from his grandmother, a sister of the Duke of Portland.

A Danish ranchman who came to this country in the steerage 22 years ago has just entered on the superintendency of a nine-million-acre ranch in South America at a salary of $10,000 a year. He will have charge of 400,000 hogs. When the man landed 22 years ago he hardly had enough money to go west.

Rubber Roofing

Warranted For Twenty-Five Years.
FREIGHT PAID To Any Station East of Rocky Mountains, except Texas, Okla., Colo., N. D., S. D., Wyo., Mont., N. M., La., Ga., Ala., Miss. and Fla., on all orders of three rolls or more. Special Prices to these States on request.

ONE-PLY - - - - Weighs 35 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.10 per roll.
TWO-PLY - - - Weighs 45 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.30 per roll.
THREE-PLY - - Weighs 55 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.50 per roll.

TERMS CASH: We save you the wholesalers' and retailers' profit. These special prices only hold good for immediate shipment.

Indestructible by Heat, Cold, Sun or Rain.

Write for FREE SAMPLES or order direct from this advertisement. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We refer you to Southern Illinois National Bank.
CENTURY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. 198 East St. Louis, Ills.

ECZEMA

Also Called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured I mean just what I say—CURED, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Remember I make this broad statement after putting ten years of the hardest study on this one disease and handling in the meantime a small fortune in cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I want you to write me at once and let me prove to you that I know what I am talking about. If you have what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. Don't you be disgusted and discouraged. I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world could hold for you. Just try it and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday.
519 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

USE **ABSORBINE, JR.**, LINIMENT FOR IT.

Corns, Bunions, Callous Bunches, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet. It allays pain and takes out soreness and inflammation promptly. Healing and soothing—causes a better circulation of the blood through the part, assisting nature in building new, healthy tissue and eliminating the old. Alex Abt, Tobinsport, Ind., writes Nov. 15, 1909: "I no doubt you remember my getting two bottles of your ABSORBINE, JR., for a bunion on my foot. My foot is well." Also valuable for any swelling or painful affliction. Goitre, Enlarged Glands, Varicose Veins, Milk Leg, Strains, Sprains, Heals Cuts, Bruises, Lacerations. Price $1.00 and $2.00 at all druggists or delivered. Book 4 G Free. W.F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Wheizel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease, sent on **FREE TEST TREATMENT** including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D. Dept. 8. American Express Building, Chicago.

ASSERTED THAT ALLENS ARE WEALTHY MEN AND LEADING FARMERS

Bristol, Va., March 16.—Contrary to impressions given by some narratives of the outburst of outlawry at Hillsville, it is declared the Allen brothers who killed officials of the Carroll county court, are well-to-do business men. They live on good farms. They have money. Aside from their apparent disregard for human life, they are ruggedly honest in business transactions. Persons arriving here today from Carroll county declare the Allens have the best of financial credit.

There are four brothers, Jack, Floyd, Sidna and Garland Allen. The wealthiest of them is Sidna Allen, who was a leader in the court house assault and who was captured Friday after a pitched battle in which his wife was killed. He lives in a home costing $20,000 and owns a fine farm.

The Allens own farms in the Blue Ridge mountains, in a rich agricultural section. They are not mountaineers in the accepted sense. They have grown families, educate their children and have been prosperous in business. One traveler, who said he had been a guest in the homes of the Allens, said he had never received more hospitable treatment, but that he was told when he first met them that they were dangerous, once they became offended.

Kansan's Hat Mark.

Jewell County Monitor.

A Jewel county man has an original way of marking his hat. A stranger picked up the tile one day and read on the inside this inscription: "You durn fool you know this is not your hat." And then the stranger put the hat back on the rack.

WANT CAVALRY TO SEEK OUTLAWS

Searchers Unable to Find Hiding Places of Virginia Mountaineer Clans.

Hillsville, Va., March 19.—Cordons of troops, the most adaptable being cavalry, equipped for a long and systematic siege and search of the mountains of Carroll and adjoining counties, seem to be today the only practicable method by which the members of the Allen clansmen can be captured. Reports from Mount Airy, N. C., received here late today, left serious doubt as to whether the outlaws had been surrounded at Squirrel's Spur, as had been reported last night.

Secure No Clues.

Detectives have searched the roads and houses within a radius of 15 miles and have been unable to find any clue of the present hiding places of the fugitives. Without facilities for camping, the posse has not dared to spend a night in the mountains anywhere near the summit of the Blue Ridge, where the Allens are believed to be hiding.

Four members of the posse who accompanied Deputy Field Agent Steve Fallis, of the revenue service, to Floyd Allen's home to confiscate illicit stills and other paraphernalia, returned here today. They brought with them four outfits, consisting of kettles and worms, and also had about 50 gallons of moonshine whisky. Great quantities of the illicit whisky was poured out on the mountain side. Two stills were found at Sidna and Ward's house. The paraphernalia was brought to the court house here, where it is being held as evidence.

Lee Felts, of the detective posse, has the revolver with which Sidna Edwards helped to shoot up the court. The weapon was left by Sidna at his home when he fled from the posse Sunday. It is of 48 calibre and more than a foot long.

Expect More Shooting.

Acting Commonwealth Attorney Landreth and Prosecutor Gilmore, of Pulaski held a lengthy conference at the court house today. They have completed their list of witnesses, and today began drawing new indictments against eight men believed by the grand jury to have had a hand in exterminating law and government here.

Hillsville has almost regained its composure, but women are still afraid to go out of doors. When the shadows begin to lengthen men's hands instinctively go back to their hip pockets. There are few men here who do not believe the Allens will make good their threat to kill Attorney Tompkins, Clerk Goad, Sheriff Edwards and James Early.

Interest shifted from the Devil's Den vicinity to Squirrel's Spur late yesterday when a large posse which had been scouring the mountains on the North Carolina side barely missed catching Wesley Edwards, a nephew of the older Allens, at his cabin eight miles east of Sidna Allen's home. Edwards escaped through a back door. His sister told the officers that Sidna Allen, suffering from a severe wound, had been at the cabin during the day and had told Wesley to meet him at Squirrel Spur last night.

Taking Edwards' trail the posse followed him to the rendezvous, arriving near the foot of the cliff about 10 o'clock. Not daring to do more in the darkness, the detectives placed themselves to prevent the possibility of an escape and waited. News that they have moved against the Allens is expected momentarily.

Here in Hillsville the belief is growing that the fugitives, with a full day's start on their pursuers, have separated and scattered into remote villages. They would not be recognized after traveling 25 miles in any direction.

Rewards Increased.

Twice yesterday Governor Mann increased the rewards for the capture of the men implicated in the murder. The reward of $300 for the capture of individual members of the Allen-Edwards gang was raised to $500 and late in the afternoon Governor Mann raised the reward for Sidna Allen and Sidna Edwards, dead or alive, to $1,000 each.

Nine men are indicted for actually engaging in the murder. On seven of them rests a reward of $500 and on two $1,000, making the total reward aggregate $5,000.

Governor Mann has appointed A. A. Campbell, one of the ablest jurists in the southwestern part of the state, to succeed Judge Massie as judge of the Carroll county circuit court.

Judge Walter R. Staples, of Roanoke, temporary judge of the Carroll county circuit court; Detective D. O. Baldwin, Adjutant General W. W. Sale and Governor William H. Mann held a lengthy conference yesterday at the governor's office, during which the situation at Hillsville was gone into in detail. The officials who have been on the ground at Hillsville assured Governor Mann that the town was quiet and that there was no necessity for troops.

"It is a mistake and an injustice to criticise Governor Mann for not sending troops to Hillsville," said Judge Staples. "He acted upon the information furnished by myself, Attorney General Williams and half a dozen leading citizens of Carroll county and the people of Carroll county as a whole approve of the governor's action.

"The indicted men at large are Claude Allen, Friel Allen, Sidna Allen, Sidna Edwards and Westley Edwards, the two latter being nephews of the Allens. John Mays was indicted and placed under arrest on a charge of assisting the men to escape. A man named Strickland is under arrest on suspicion of being an accessory before the facts.

"Rev. Garland Allen was arrested Saturday. Strickland and the Rev. Mr. Allen are in the Hillsville jail.

PLACE OF ASSASSINATION IS IN REMOTE COUNTY

Roanoke, Va., March 15.—Hillsville, where Judge Massie, Sheriff Webb and Prosecutor Foster were killed by the outlaw Allens yesterday, is in the heart of the Blue Ridge mountains, near the border line between North Carolina and Virginia.

Not more than 300 people live there. The town is surrounded by mountains. The nearest railroad is 15 miles away.

Judge Massie was a one-armed Confederate soldier. He belonged to a well known Virginia family. Senator Swanson, who, when governor, appointed him to the bench, said yesterday that no better man lived in Virginia.

The Allens live back in the mountains close to the North Carolina line and have always been considered desperate men. They belong to the type of southern mountaineer that believes in disobeying the law whenever he sees fit. They are what are called "dare devil bullies." If one shoots up a town and escapes he is a hero; if caught, a fool.

It was in this section, over in North Carolina, that Monroe Garland, just such a fellow as Floyd Allen, defied arrest and was killed by Columbus Blalock after Garland had shot Sheriff Pritchard, a brother of former Senator Pritchard, and crippled him for life.

Garland sent Pritchard word that Pritchard could not take him. Judge Green issued a bench warrant for Garland and ordered the sheriff to arrest him. Pritchard deputized Blalock to help him. The officers came upon Garland and two other mountaineers in a path. A pistol duel followed. Pritchard was shot down, but partially recovered. Garland fought till he dropped with mortal wounds. He was a mountain bully.

The day Garland was killed he told his father that he was going to cross over into Virginia, kill all of his enemies, return to him and get $300 and leave the country. He notified his father that he would get the $300 or kill him.

Gallop Into Town.

Two mountaineers, Jack and Sidney Allen, had galloped into the town, dropped their bridles at the door of the court house, walked in with the swagger and the bulging hips of men ready for fight. The rest came in quickly—about 16 more—all armed, all silent, all obviously prepared for trouble.

An hour later, Judge Thornton L. Massie was shot to death on the bench of the Carroll county court house; Commonwealth Attorney William Foster lay against the rostrum, dead, with a bullet through his head; Sheriff Webb was dead in the middle of the room; Juror Douglas, wounded, had fallen to the floor of the jurors' box, while Dexter Goad, clerk of the court, and Floyd D. Allen, the prisoner, were writhing at opposite ends of the little, stuffy hall.

The Allens had come.

The Most Desperate Clan.

Down from their mountain fastness, armed with Winchesters and pistols, riding their gaunt, rugged ponies, this most desperate clan of the Blue Ridge had made its ultimate defiance to the law—ultimate because they will now be hunted to the last hidden cabin, the most secret moonshine still of the mountains, and killed in their dens. The posses are out now and the posses are made up of officials and of feudists who have been enemies of the Allens for 100 years.

Never before in the history of this lawless mountain section has such a deluge of outlawry struck a seat of law. And yet the scene in the crowded court room, where men were being killed as rapidly as they dared to stand upon their feet, was almost calm—save for the crash of the powder and the scream of the bullets.

FLOYD ALLEN IN CELL PRAYS ALOUD

By the Associated Press.

Roanoke, Va., March 18.—Floyd Allen, wounded leader of the Allen clan, in jail here, prayed aloud in his cell last night and this morning and has asked several times to see a preacher. He also has asked for a lawyer. No one as yet has been allowed to approach him. The prisoners brought here from Hillsville are in separate parts of the jail, and each is heavily guarded.

NATION-WIDE PRIMARY

Cummins Introduces Bill in Senate for Procedure.

Washington, March 19.—Senator Cummins, of Iowa, introduced in the senate a nation-wide presidential primary bill, the effect of which would be to do away with local, state and national conventions of the various political parties.

The plan of Senator Cummins is to have a national primary July 8, next, to be followed each four years with a national primary election upon the second Monday of July. The results of such primary election would be canvassed by a "national board for primary elections," and the candidate of each political party receiving the greatest number of votes would be certified by that board as the candidate to be voted upon in the November elections.

The bill would require primary election of candidates for president, vice president and presidential electors. The names of candidates on the primary ballot, under the bill, would be arranged in separate columns for each party, with one column head "independent of party." All candidates would be required to file their nomination papers 45 days prior to the primary in order to have their names appear on the ballots.

Heard Same Sound Twice.

Telephone Review.

The manager of a large manufacturing plant in Paterson, N. J., recently had a novel experience which impressed him as a striking illustration of the speed with which sound travels over a telephone wire as compared with the speed with which it travels through the atmosphere. He was standing at the telephone in his residence, which is about two miles from his factory, speaking with the superintendent of the works, when the whistle of the factory blew for 1 o'clock. The sound came very distinctly over the wire, lasting about five seconds, then ceased, and a few seconds later the same sound of the whistle blowing came to him through an open window near which he was standing, this time coming via the slower route, the sound waves of the atmosphere.

He thus actually heard the same sound twice, and has not yet recovered from the novelty of the experience.

Ladybugs in Cold Storage.

Harper's Weekly.

Lady bugs of Nevada origin are imported into California to destroy many of the insect pests of vines and orchards. They are found in moss under the snow; but at that season they can not be pressed into service because the worms on which they feed have not yet appeared, while the lady bugs are still hibernating.

Accordingly the little Nevadans are placed in refrigerating wagons and thus conveyed to California, to remain in cold storage until their services on vines and trees are required. During all this time they take no food. With spring come the destroying worms, and then the lady bug is taken from her prison and dispersed where she appears most likely to do her work well. As she is ravenously hungry, the work is begun and continued until the worms are destroyed.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue

HELP WANTED.

500 MEN 20 to 40 years old, wanted at once for electric railway motormen and conductors: $80 to $100 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address Box 500, care of Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

FREE illustrated book tells about over 360,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet A 1035. No obligations. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

LOCAL representative wanted. Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail; former experience unnecessary; all we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business; no soliciting or traveling; this is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life; write at once for full particulars. Address E. R. Marden, Pres. The National Co-Operative Real Estate Company, L 502, Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Railway mail clerks; average $80.00; rapid advancement; every second week off duty with full pay; short hours; no "layoffs;" examinations everywhere. May 4th; common education sufficient; "pull" unnecessary; farmers stand excellent chance; write for free sample, questions and schedule showing examination places. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 32, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Hustling man in each locality. To join this Society. Sick, accident, death benefits. And introduce our Memberships. Spare time to start. $50 to $300 a month. Write for plans. Box DH-293, Covington, Ky.

WANTED—500 young men as Firemen, Brakeman, Motorman and Train Porters (colored); no experience necessary; first-class Ohio roads; $60 to $80 month to start on; write at once. Inter Railway, Dept. K, Indianapolis, Ind.

FARMS WANTED

FARMS WANTED—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Association, 36 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

EDUCATIONAL.

FREE tuition by mail; civil service, drawing, engineering, electric wiring, agricultural, poultry, normal, academic, bookkeeping, shorthand courses. Matriculation $5. Tuition free to first applicants. Apply to Carnegie College, Rogers, Ohio.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

LADIES—Make supporters; $12 per 100; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Desk H H, Chicago.

LADIES—Make leather bags; $20 per 100; stamped envelope for particulars. Box T.B.109, Hutchinson, Kan.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LADIES' all wool Skirts, made of good quality serge, to your own measure for $2.98. Send for free catalog and samples. Mildred Skirt Co., Dept. D 200 E. 87th St., New York City.

FREE—Choice of handsome bracelet, drop earrings, brooch; sell 20 hair nets, 5 cents each. Peerless Co., 2242 N. 20th St. Phila.

AGENTS—Patented necessity for men; every man delighted with it; sample 10c. T. S. Co., 2232 W 53 St., Cleveland, O.

AGENTS wanted to sell Lincoln Salve on our new credit plan; sample and agents' terms, 10c; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. D. Curt Cline, Fayetteville, Pa.

PERSONAL.

HEIRS—Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich and don't know it. Our index entitled "Next of Kin. Heirs at Law," contains authentic lists of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery court of England and Ireland lists. Thousands of names in book. Your or your ancestors names may be among them. Send stamp at once for booklet TW. International Claim Agency, Pittsburg, Pa.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. Relief and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRY—Best plan on earth, sent free; photos of every lady member. THE PILOT, Dept. 39, Marshall, Mich.

Marriage paper mailed free, reliable, best published. Eastern Agency, 69, Bridgeport, Conn.

Marry—Hundreds of wealthy members wishing to marry soon. Description free. Reliable Club, Mrs. Whibel, Dept. 56, Box 28, Oakland, Cal.

GET MARRIED—Matrimonial paper containing hundreds of advertisements marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, young, old. Protestants, Catholics, mailed sealed free. THE CORRESPONDENT, Toledo, Ohio.

LADIES—We will send a list of gentlemen who wish correspondence and will marry if suited. Many rich. Free. The Meteor, Dept. 24, Sedalia, Mo.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only $3.00 for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a Quarter Million Homes, from Maine to California, and before over a Million Readers every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Order Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

STOMACH SUFFERERS

Avoid Dangerous Operations. Let Me Send You a Free $1.00 Bottle of My Wonderful STOMACH REMEDY

I will guarantee it to cure the most chronic cases and I want every one suffering from **Stomach, Liver or Intestinal Troubles** and **Gall Stones** to send at once for a **Free Bottle.**

It is a positive and permanent cure for

Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress after eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache, Appendicitis and Gall Stones

Don't allow your Stomach Trouble to become so bad that an operation is necessary. Don't permit an operation until you have at least tried this FREE Bottle.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with **mucoid and catarrhal accretions**, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two** before you feel its great benefits—**only one dose is usually required.** I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to, and I again repeat I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to you absolutely **Free** so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from **Gall Stones.** I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and **Gall Stones** should not hesitate a moment, but send for this **Free** treatment at once.

I have watched sick people for years and have reached my hands out to thousands in the great depth of the Valley of Despair and brought them into the light of life and happiness. I want you, and each one suffering to know the full joys of living with every part of your system in beautiful accord and in absolute perfect harmony. This is possible if you will take this wonderful remedy. A FREE BOTTLE will positively prove it.

Don't Lose Hope

Why suffer with stomach trouble? Why give up hope—and despair of ever being cured? If other treatments have failed and you feel disheartened, don't allow it to discourage you from sending for this **Free** bottle. Don't say to yourself that it will not help you, before you have tried it, as it costs you nothing to take this wonderful remedy and judge for yourself its marvelous powers. You will, like the thousands of others who have been cured, bless the hour and offer fervent thanks for this wonderful remedy that has brought back your health.

Why suffer with those horrid griping pains that cut like a knife? They rob you of all the sweets of happiness. Each morning means another day of torture and agony; each meal is looked forward to with pain. No matter what you eat, you suffer. Life is one continual round of "Don't eat this and don't eat that." You can't sit down to a table, spread with necessities of life and know that you are going to enjoy them; that they are going to be turned into rich, red blood and strength which will give you vitality, health and happiness.

Almost every one who takes it declares that they have not felt so well in years **since they have taken the first bottle, and this benefit is an entirely natural one, as the remedy contains no opiate, stimulant or any poisonous or injurious ingredients whatever.** They are able to eat anything they want—even forget they have such a thing as a stomach. No more of the gnawing, aching dull sensations, no more paroxysms of pain, belching of gases, and other symptoms of indigestion that stomach trouble produces.

A Few Names of People who have taken My Wonderful Stomach Remedy—and who state they have been CURED of various Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments and Gall Stones.

Phil Strain, Bloomington, Ill.
Alma Loving, Russellville, Miss.
Mrs. Thomas Mulvihill, Detroit, Mich.
Mattie Kirkham, Fountain Head, Tenn.
W. G. Riddell, Burlington, Ky., Rd. No. 9
Mrs. E. F. Cady, Auburn, N. Y.
H. D. Chappell, Agt. Amer. Exp. Co., Scotland, Archer Co., Tex.
W. H. Kingsley, Beulah, Miss.
J. W. Blackburn, Fryatt, Ky.
Henry Oaks, New River, Tenn.
Henry Thomas, Mahrud, Miss.
Mr. M. A. McCann, Norwalk, Ohio.
Ralph Johnson, McComb, Miss.

Rob. Eggers, Trade, Tenn.
Mrs. Callie Wells, 1123 Harrison St., Guthrie, Okla.
S. R. Allen, Buckeye, W. Va.
Chas. L. Morse, 8 Pearl St. Middleboro, Mass.
W. P. Cole, Medina, Tenn.
Fred Zwicke, Grand Rapids, Wis.
Estelle McAllister, Ludlow, Ky.
B. A. Dooley, 92 Union St., Clinton, Mass.
Mrs. E. C. Daughtery, Conway, Pa., Beaver, Co.
Sarah E. Johnson, 1107 Bell St. Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Mrs. D. Burgtdaff, 75 Walnut St., Auburn, N.Y.
John Driver, Dunkirk, Ind.
W. D. Barr, 601 Walnut St., Irwin, Pa.
Mr. W. E. Cobb, Wichita Falls, Kans.

Don't suffer all this pain; don't dose yourself with every medicine and try every treatment, when Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy, which has cured and made thousands and thousands of sufferers happy is offered to you. Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy is absolutely pure and harmless. It is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Act Serial No. 25792. This medicine has been successfully taken by children of nine years of age, and by old people of eighty-eight years and will not harm you in any way.

Below we show an exact Photograph—actual size of Poisonous Mucoid Accretions removed by my remedy. They are the causes of about 99% of all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments.

My last word to you—Don't permit a dangerous operation. Not until you have tried this **FREE BOTTLE.** I care not how long you have suffered or how severe your case may be, I am confident my wonderful and harmless remedy will entirely and quickly restore you to perfect health without any ill effect. It has saved thousands from operations. It should you. I believe that eighty per cent of the operations are unnecessary and the knife could be avoided if the proper method of treatment was administered. Quite often sufferers of Stomach and Intestinal ailments or Gall Stones are told they have cancer of the stomach and other rare diseases.

GEO. H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
347 Mayr Building, 156 Whiting Street, Chicago

References: Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to CURE.

Read These Letters

WHAT A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN HAS TO SAY OF MY WONDERFUL STOMACH REMEDY.

Sept. 12th, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—My wife received your letter and treatment a few days ago. She took the medicines as per directions Saturday with wonderful results, as she passed a large quantity of gall stones of various sizes. I will send you a money order herewith for balance of treatment. Have recommended you to several that I know need your treatment. I have practiced medicine 20 years and have used Olive Oil treatments for a long time for my wife, and I can assure you that your combination greatly surprised me. You shall hear from me again soon.

Yours gratefully,
ERNEST VINCENT, M. D.

WHAT A TRAINED NURSE HAS TO SAY.

Aug. 24th, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—To begin with I am a trained nurse and I had two patients that the doctors seemed unable to reach with their medicines and were trying to persuade the patient to submit to the knife. A friend who has tried your Wonderful medicine proposed that I recommend it to my patient, so I did. They agreed to try the medicine if I would try the sample on myself. To please my patients was why I sent for the sample. I know that your medicine is wonderful because it has cured Mrs. Clark Fitzsimmons of Orofino, Idaho and Mrs. Charley Frear of the same place. I am very glad that I was able to recommend your medicine to them.

LINNETTE HAVEL, Trained Nurse,
Box 284, Orofino, Idaho.

CURED AFTER FIVE YEARS SICKNESS.

Mr. George H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

I am pleased to inform you that I ordered a full treatment the latter part of March. It cured me after a five years spell of sickness. I ordered a free bottle for a neighbor. Now I must tell you it is through me you are getting so many orders from Willard and Yelton Post Offices. I sojourned through Eastern Colorado and sang your praises and left your address wherever I went. I have not written you at an earlier date as I have just waited to see if I stayed cured before I let you know. Your remedy is surely a wonder. The Doctors told me I had appendicitis and would soon die if I were not operated on, I was lying in bed about all the time with misery most of the time for five years. I took treatment during March, have been busy ever since. It is the only medicine that hit the sore spot.—L. C. MOREHEAD, Willard, Oklahoma.

Doctor Said Cancer of the Stomach

July 22, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I write you this morning that I took my last drop of medicine yesterday morning and am now free from gall stones. It has made a new man of me. Sleep well, eat what I want and feel fine. No soreness left but I have some large boils. I think it drove them out. The Doctors said I had cancer of the stomach, and nothing would do but to be operated on, but they were mistaken. I have spent lots of money before and only got temporary relief, but I assure you I feel all right now. Passed about 400 gall stones.

Yours truly, WM. CAMPBELL,
Denver, Missouri

More Benefit Than From a $100 Treatment

May 31, 1910.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

I rec'd the treatment you sent and can truthfully say I got more benefit from it than from a hundred dollar treatment I took last winter.

Very Respectfully,
MISS F. A. HARNESS,
1020 Pacific Ave., Bremerton, Wash.

Fill out this FREE coupon now and mail to me. The full $1.00 bottle will be sent you without delay. Send no money—your name and address on the coupon is all—MAIL IT TODAY—WRITE PLAINLY.

GEO. H. MAYR, MFG. CHEMIST, 347 Mayr Bldg., 156 Whiting St., Chicago

Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
County ..... State ..... Express Office .....

Trusses Like These Are a Crime

Get rid of Straps and Springs and be CURED. Simply write for our free cloth-bound Book of Advice containing facts which took us 40 years of day-after-day experience to learn. It tells how 290,000 people were benefited and cured in a simple and inexpensive way. Book explains why druggists should not be allowed to sell their misery-making trusses. Explains the dangers of operation and why it is no longer necessary. Exposes the humbug "discoveries," "appliances," "plasters," etc., and puts you on guard against throwing money away.

Books tells how the wonderful Cluthe Self-Massaging Pad cures rupture by strengthening the weakened muscles while holding continually with ease. **Sent on 60 days' trial to prove it**—how it is waterproof—no leg-straps—no body-spring—how it ends all expense on account of rupture. 5000 Public Endorsements sent with the book.

After you have read this book you'll know more about your condition than if you had gone to a dozen doctors. You'll know how to get immediate relief without risking a penny. When writing, please give our box number.

Box 14—CLUTHE COMPANY, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

All Can Be Nice and Plump

Remarkable Result of the New Flesh Builder Protone, In Many Cases of Run-Down Men and Women.

Prove It Yourself by Sending Coupon Below For a Free 50c Package.

"By George, I never saw anything like the effects of that new treatment, Protone, for the building up of weight and lost nerve force. It acted more like a miracle than a medicine," said a well know gentleman yesterday in speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his condition. "I began to think that there was nothing on earth that could make me fat. I tried tonics, digestives, heavy eating, diets, milk, beer, and almost everything else you could think of, but without result. I had been thin for

years, and began to think it was natural for me to be that way. Finally I read about the remarkable successes brought about by the use of Protone, so I decided to try it myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now, I think it is somebody else. I have put on just 30 pounds during the last month and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."

Gains 30 Pounds In 30 Days

Free Protone Coupon

It will cost you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of this treatment. The Protone Company, will send to any one a free 50c package of Protone if they will fill out this coupon and enclose 10c in stamps or silver to help cover postage and packing, with full instructions to prove that it does the work, and their book on "Why You Are Thin" free of charge, giving facts which will probably astonish you. If you want to put on more flesh, fill out the following coupon today. Free 50c packages can only be had by writing direct to Detroit.

THE PROTONE COMPANY
4237 Protone Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

HEARS ATTACK OVER DICTOGRAPH

Gen. Sherwood in House, Hears Sen. Pomerene Hit His Pension Bill.

Washington, March 16.—Gen. Isaac Sherwood, of Toledo, introduced the dictograph in the United States senate yesterday.

Determined not to miss a word of the speech of Senator Pomerene in which the pension controversy, involving the members of the Ohio congressional delegation, was taken before the senate, Gen. Sherwood rigged up a sounding machine which was an exact counterpart of the disc and wires that led to the conviction of legislative bribers in Ohio.

Gets Excited at Attack.

With his ear trumpet held close to the dictograph, Gen. Sherwood heard every word of a long speech in which Senator Pomerene vigorously denied the claims of the general regarding his pension bill. At times Gen. Sherwood threatened to put the dictograph out of commission, so disturbed did he become over the Pomerene speech.

Senator Curtis, of Kansas, attempted to champion the cause of the general, who, of course, could make no reply in the senate to Senator Pomerene. Senator Curtis charged Senator Pomerene with violating the rules of the senate in referring to what had been said by Gen. Sherwood as a member of the house of representatives. This brought Senator Root, of New York, into action with a stout defense of the course of Senator Pomerene.

Senator Pomerene flatly disputed the contention of Representative Sherwood that his bill would add less than $40,000,000 more to the pension budget. In doing so he accepted the challenge of Representative Sherwood who said he would prove his assertions or resign. Senator Pomerene then inserted in the senate record several reports and statistics in substantiation of his contention that the bill would add $73,000,000 to the pension budget as the pension bureau heads insist.

May Enter Campaign.

The issue between Gen. Sherwood and Senator Pomerene has now reached the point where it seems likely to be injected into the Ohio campaign. That the Democratic state convention will be asked to take a hand in the controversy is certain.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN Send 2c stamp for catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET GOODS AND REMEDIES. FAIRBANK SUPPLY HOUSE, 6 B 60 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Wise Women A discreet men use our remedies, toilet necessities, rubber goods appliances etc. "HINTS and HELPS," illustrated catalog 2c. Address Webster Specialty Co N 39 Chicago

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Greek Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. P. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES REMEDY FOR MEN

BED WETTING Completely cured at all ages. Box Pennine, full directions FREE. MISSOURI REMEDY CO., Block 12 St. Louis, Mo.

DRUNKENNESS

The steady or periodical (spree) drinker can be saved in 3 days with his knowledge. Or secretly. My remedy is guaranteed. Gentle, pleasant, perfectly harmless. It does not matter how many years. This is the genuine home Treatment, medically endorsed and proved by a legion of testimonials. Book and particulars, free, postpaid. Address: EDW. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Av., 490 N New York, N.Y.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 35 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

This Home Recipe Cures Weak Men

Men Weakened and Discouraged by Effects of Early Errors and Excesses Send Name and Address For This FREE RECIPE.

I want this message to reach every man who is discouraged and disheartened by repeated failures; the result of early indiscretions, past excesses, carelessness, disease and lost power, and let him know that I have a recipe that reaches the seat of the trouble and sets it bubbling with new life. And I want him to know that I will send this effective and invigorating prescription free to him, without cost, charge or obligation, in a common every-day plain sealed envelope, so he can receive and use it privately at home and thus banish all his troubles. All he has to do is to send his name and address to me—Dr. Franklin Robert, No. 138 Butler Building, Marshall, Michigan

The PEACE PAGE.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

**Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.**

HAS HAD SORROW

Seeing a request for the poem Little Boy Blue I have copied it and am sending it with the hope that it may become as dear to some mother's heart as it is to mine. Our Little oBy Blue was taken from us five years ago without a moment's warning by a rifle in the hands of a playmate. He was not quite nine years old; a beautiful winsome child and a great favorite with all who knew him. We have one other son, who was 11 at that time and will be 17 this fall. But, oh, how our hearts ache for the dear little face, which we miss now as much as ever.

I have been a silent reader of The Blade a number of years. I think the poem "Bereft," which was published last week is a dear comforting one. I find lots of comfort in reading the Peace Page. I have a scrap book of old poems of which I am especially fond.—Mrs. Bissell, Iowa.

FROM A WARM CLIME

I thought I would let some of the folks "back east" know what nice weather we are having here, while there it is so cold. We have our garden planted and the onions, lettuce, radishes, peas, beets and kale are growing. Lots of folks have potatoes six or eight inches high. The cherries are starting to bloom as well as the pears. The apricots have been in bloom for over a week and some plums also.

People are very busy now plowing and winter spraying, as they call it, although it is more like summer. They spray the apple trees three times; the first with lime and sulphur, which burns pretty bad wherever it gets on a person, especially the eyes. This is one of the most favored valleys of California. We have a fine climate and can raise all kinds of fruit and vegetables. It is known as the Pajaro valley, the greatest apple district west of the Rockies, and I think the greatest in the world. The two apples which grow the best are the Newtown Pippin and the Belleflower. I have seen specimens of each which would weigh 24 ounces. It is also a great valley for berries, such as strawberries and blackberries. Strawberries head the list, there being acres and acres of them. Cherries are a great thing here in certain places in or near the foothills.

Our little valley is 15 miles from old Loma Prieta (Black Mountain), the highest in Santa Cruz county, being 4,280 feet high. This county, one of the smallest in the state, is 100 miles south of San Francisco, and lies on the coast between the ocean and the coast range. The city of Santa Cruz is the county seat, and Watsonville is the "Apple Town" in the heart of the apple district. Well, I will close, as I expect you will be tired of reading if I don't. Some time I will write again if this pleases any of you well enough.—Mrs. Myrick, California.

AN OREGON WINTER

Dear Readers of the Cozy Corner—I see both old and young writing to The Blade. I am one of the old young women born in Keokuk county, Iowa, and am now living out in Oregon and have liked it here ever since I moved. Our weather is not very cold, while this winter it has been rather mild so far, but the weather man is predicting a colder brand. Sometimes the snow remains on the ground for three weeks, but is no good for sleighing, as it is too soft and the ground does not freeze. We always leave our potatoes in the woodshed all winter long, and such vegetables as kale, carrots, cabbage, etc., are often left in the ground during the winter. Some do not dig their potatoes until spring, for they are so much sweeter than those dug in the fall. This is a very good country for potatoes. I enjoyed the story about the emigrant trip in 1864 very much. If I see this letter in print I will be encouraged to write to the Peace Page readers at some future time.—Mrs. Remington, Oregon.

FROM AN OLD SOLDIER

Dear Blade Readers—Will you let me come in a little while, this cold blustery morning, that a boy of almost 72 years may have a few words with the readers? First, I will say I have been a constant reader of The Blade since the winter of 1869. I have two sons-in-law to whom I have been sending the paper, and I will keep on, I expect, as long as I live. I was a teacher before the war in Pennsylvania and Indiana, and after the war I went to West Virginia, where I taught for over ten years in log school houses like those described by some of the writers of the Peace Page. I served all through the war, enlisting when I was not quite 21, and being discharged as a captain at the end of the war. I was with company H of the 6th Indiana, then Company K 50th Indiana, and then with the 52nd Indiana vets. I was taken prisoner by General John H. Morgan on August 20, 1862, at Gallatin, Tennessee, and was shot and slightly wounded in the battle of Jenkins Ferry on the Saline river in Arkansas on April 30, 1864. I was in the 13th A. C. and with General Canby at the siege of Mobile Alabama, and Spanish Fort from March 27 to April 9, 1865. I am now reaping some of the results physically from this service. I have been for four years suffering with a sort of paralysis in my limbs and I have to go on crutches all the time. I cannot write by hand, and that was my worst worry, but last month I got a typewriter and am trying to learn on it. I can what would be called a "shut-in," but I don't let it worry me a bit, for I often think how much worse it might have been. "Nothing so bad but what it might have been worse." If any of the old boys of my troops should read this and will write me I will answer, for I think by that time I will be able to write. Sometime I will try and tell you about our Ohio valley and its products and our prosperous Pottery City, East Liverpool, Ohio. This has spun out much too long, I am afraid.—Captain J. H. Johnson, Smith's Ferry, Pennsylvania.

More Mirror Superstitions.

London Chronicle.

It is not only in Greece that mirror superstitions survive. English folk still adhere to the belief that to break a mirror is to insure seven years of ill luck; in Scotland the same calamity is regarded as a portent of a death. In the southwestern counties it is considered unlucky for a bride to look in a mirror on her wedding day—but the superstition must be strong indeed to prevent a woman taking "one last look" at herself in the glass on that most important occasion. Some folk, too, cover over all mirrors in the presence of death, and believe that anyone looking in a glass in a house where a dead man lies will see the dead person looking over the shoulder.

A Paragraph or Two

"Are men handsomer or homelier than they used to be?" asks an exchange. We are in favor of letting the women answer the question.

The English photographer who says that all women are beautiful probably does a good business.

For some inexplicable reason a woman always desires to look her best when the preacher makes his pastoral call.

So far as we have been able to observe the anti-corset movement is not gaining much headway.

The postoffice department is one of the government's most interesting institutions to the girl who is in love.

We believe that we could learn to like the woman who says big feet are a sign of brains.

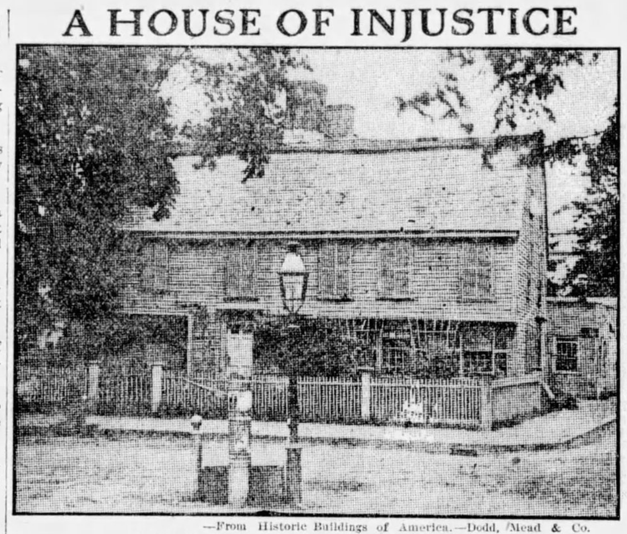
The motto of the London suffragettes seems to be: "Smash until the last armed foe expires."

"There are two sides to the woman's suffrage question," says an esteemed exchange. There are—the side of the woman who wants to vote and that of the woman who doesn't.

The winter of 1911-12 has been great for snow scenes. They will look good in a photograph next summer.

A Kansas woman declares that the stomach is the home of the soul. If she is right there must be times when the soul doesn't sing "Home, Sweet Home."

A HOUSE OF INJUSTICE



—From Historic Buildings of America.—Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE OLD WITCH HOUSE, SALEM, MASS.

In the town of Salem, Mass., there is a famous historic house which carries one back to the darkest period in the history of New England. It is "The Old Witch House," noted for its connection with the witchcraft terror that reigned in the seventeenth century. Originally the house was the home of Roger Williams while he was preaching in Salem. Captain Richard Davenport resided in it next, and in 1674 or 1675 Judge Corwin, of witchcraft fame, took possession. During his residence the house was the scene of many trials when young and old were taken before the intolerant judge and sentenced to death for practicing witchcraft. Having been altered several times the house has lost much of its picturesque appearance, and now has nothing to attract visitors except its connection with Salem witchcraft.

Our Correspondents

Many a long-forgotten scene comes back when some sweet-voiced singer cheers our ears with the fine old songs of other days, Mrs. Bates of Michigan. We think it would be splendid if some of the memories recalled by these poems could be published. We would like a separate letter concerning your experiences.

"Will some reader of The Blade please tell some facts regarding the climate of southern Oregon and northern California and the prices of land in those sections?" writes N. E. S. T. of Indiana. Can anyone help us?

We are not sure that we recall correctly the poem you mention, W. Hawley Barnes of New York. You had better send it to us and let us read it.

Will Mrs. Annie R., Oak Grove, Ala., please furnish her address to the Peace Page editor?

"Will someone please give information as to the climate and soil, also the merits as a fruit-growing locality of the state of Tennessee, along the eastern part, on the west side of the mountains, in the foothills and the rolling country west of that, somewhere near the places named, Tullahoma and Lantana, for 80 miles each way. I shall be very grateful," is the letter written us by Mr. R. W. Phillips of Michigan. We should be glad of some information.

The title requested, Miss Streeter of California, was no doubt one with which some poetic liberties had been taken. However, it seems to be the title by which the production is most generally known. Thank you for the trouble you took to correct the poem.

Indeed we do return photographs after use, Brown Eyes of Michigan, and we should be very glad for a picture of the little one. We shall use your good letter later and will endeavor to get some facts for you concerning the picture you mentioned.

We all, sometime in our lives, are overcome with selfishness, Sweetheart from Kentucky. It is sometimes the selfishness of too much love for others and sometimes of too much self-love. If we remember, however, the suffering that selfishness causes and look upon it as a diseased condition of the soul that may be cured by a little thought, it will disappear of itself. Have courage and determination as your allies to fight it.

Send us some pictures of the articles you mentioned, Ohio Girl, and we will try and see if we can get any information for you concerning them.

Thank you, Black-Eyed Ruth, for the address. We shall attend to the matter shortly.

Fried Salmon.

Equal parts of salmon and dry bread crumbs after putting butter in the frying pan. When hot, mix the crumbs and salmon thoroughly, adding a pinch of salt and pepper. Make into little pats and fry.

Can anyone help us out with some directions for making some of the old English dishes? They were delicious foods, but the recipes for them are very hard to find.

POETS' CORNER

KITTY OF THE GLEN

The moon is out tonight, love,
Floating in the sky,
The little stars are laughing
As she passes by.
All the little songsters sing a merry tune
As happy as they can be, singing to the moon.
Clouds with silver lining floating in the sky
For the moon to pass them, Kittie, so am I.
But I come to meet you with a happy smile,
To tell you how I love you, sitting on the stile.

Chorus.

The moon is out tonight, love,
So meet me with a smile.
I've something sweet to tell you,
Sitting on the stile.
Kiss me when you meet me,
Kittie of the Glen,
And when I go to leave you
I'll give it back again.

The moon is out tonight, love,
All the roses blush
When the gentle night winds
Tell the birds to hush.
And I want to listen for a merry voice
Whose every note is music and makes my heart rejoice.
Kittie, I am watching to see what I can see,
Something like a fairy coming toward me.
And the little fairy, comink once again,
Will join the kiss of true love for
Kittie of the Glen.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Eugene Field.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise."
So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamt of his pretty toys,
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
O, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Still faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

POEMS REQUESTED

A song heard in the lumber camps of northern Michigan is wanted. The first lines follow as a clue:

"Of all the jolly set of boys that you can ever find,
It is in the north woods and cutting down the pines.
The sawyers and the choppers lay the timber low,
The swampers and the skidders draw it to and fro."

A poem which a reader thinks is called Fate, is asked for.

Can some one give the complete poem which opens with the following verse.

George Washington left us united and free,
John Adams repelled the French war at sea.
Boundless Louisiana was Jefferson's crown,
And Madison's warships won lasting renown.

YOUNG CHARLOTTE

Young Charlotte lived on a mountainside,
In a wild and lonely spot;
There were no dwellings for three miles wide
Except her father's cot;
And yet on many a winter night
Young swains were gathered there;
For her father kept a social board,
And she was very fair.

One New Year's eve, as the sun went down,
Far looked her wistful eye
Out from the frosty window-pane,
As the merry sleighs dashed by.
At the village, fifteen miles away,
Was to be a ball that night;
And though the air was piercing cold,
Her heart was warm and light.

How brightly beamed her laughing eye
As a well known voice she heard;
And dashing up to the cottage door,
Her lover's sleigh appeared.
"O daughter, dear?" the mother cried,
"This blanket 'round you fold;
For 'tis a dreadful night abroad,
You will get your death of cold."

"Oh, nay! oh, nay!" young Charlotte cried,
As she laughed like a Gipsy queen;
"To ride in blankets muffled up
I never would be seen.
My silken cloak is quite enough,
You know 'tis lined throughout;
And there is my silken scarf to twine
My head and neck about.

Her bonnet and her gloves were on,
She jumped into the sleigh,
And swift they sped down the mountainside
And over the hills away.
With muffled beat, so silently,
Five miles at length were passed;
When Charles, with few and shivering words,
The silence broke at last.

"Such a dreadful night I never saw;
My reins I scarce can hold."
Young Charlotte faintly then replied,
"I am exceeding cold."
He cracked his whip, he urged his steed
Much faster than before;
And thus five other dreary miles
In silence were passed o'er.

Spoke Charles, "How fast the freezing ice
Is gathering on my brow?"
And Charlotte still more faintly said,
"I'm growing warmer now."
Thus on they rode through the frosty air,
And the blistering, cold starlight;
Until at last the village lamps,
And the ballroom came in sight.

They reached the door, and Charles sprang out
And held his hand to her;
"Why sit you like a monument
That hath no power to stir?"
He called her once, he called her twice,
She answered not a word;
He asked her for her hand again,
But still she never stirred.

He took her hand in his—'twas cold
And hard as any stone;
He tore the mantle from her face,
And the cold stars o'er it shone.
Then quickly to the lighted hall,
Her lifeless form he bore;
Young Charlotte's eyes had closed for aye,
Her voice was heard no more.

And there he sat down by her side,
While bitter tears did flow,
And cried, "My own, my charming bride,
You nevermore shall know!"
He twined his arms around her neck,
He kissed her marble brow;
And his thoughts flew back to where she said,
"I am growing warmer now."

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE

Somewhere the sun is shining,
Somewhere the song-birds dwell;
Hush, then, thy sad repining,
God lives and all is well.

Chorus.

Somewhere, somewhere,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere!
Land of the true, where we live anew,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere!

Somewhere the day is longer,
Somewhere the task is done;
Somewhere the heart is stronger,
Somewhere the guerdon won.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
Close by an open gate;
Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
Somewhere the angels wait.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

**Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.**

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

WELCOME, NEW ENGLAND GIRL

Dear Peace Page People—The Blade of February 29 I received last night and when I read the Peace Page and realized that someone had remembered me and likewise your note after E. M. A's letter in the M. G. R., which struck a responsive chord way down deep in my own heart, I resolved just to "drop in" and tell you so.

Yes, I am very, very busy, but not so busy but that I am hoping I may be able to visit the M. G. R's again in the near future. In fact, there are two letters on my desk addressed to the M. G. R's which are waiting to receive the finishing touches before starting them on their westward journey. One is for the nature lovers and the other is in behalf of our New England winters, written in contrast to the flowery sunny pictures of our southern climes by several of our M. G. R's of late, for I love our New England winters, notwithstanding all the cold, and I feel we northerners have pleasures that our southern friends know nothing of. My only regret for our winters is the suffering that they sometimes bring upon the poor families in our larger towns and cities.

I have been exposed to the mumps and may be enjoying them within a few days, but if I escape, and likewise the young woman who is visiting me, you may hear from me again soon. Otherwise it may be several weeks, as none of us have had the mumps and they doubtless will serve us all alike.—New England Girl.

A NEW YORK READER

Dear M. G. R's—Will some of you move along and make room for a stranger in your circle? I live in a small town in dear old New York state on the banks of Indian river. I wonder if it would interest any of you if I should inform you that the whole town is built over a large cave? Well, it is, and if you wish, I shall write and tell you all about the cave, and of an old house that Joseph Bonaparte erected here in 1713, and also of Lake Bonaparte, which he discovered. It is now a beautiful summer resort.

We have two large lime mills, a talc quarry and in 1911 a last factory was built here. Men are now busy hauling logs there for the summer's sawing. Babe of the Middle West, you are the first boy to say you think it nice to know how to keep house, but I admire you all the more for it. I see nearly all the M. G. R's give some impression as to how they look, so I will "follow suit." I am 17 years old, have dark hair and blue eyes, weigh 115 pounds, and am five feet two inches tall. How is that; am I acceptable? As Elizabeth used to say, "Here's hoping."—Alice of New York.

Write and give us a description of the things of interest around your home, as the readers will enjoy it.—Editor

A KENTUCKY BOOSTER

Well, I will come in and tell you how very much I have been enjoying your many interesting letters. I have been reading them all winter, but have been just keeping quiet. I live in "Old Kentuck." Everyone has heard the song, My Old Kentucy Home. A grand old song, isn't it? I am at present keeping house for my father and brother in the country, and so, with just us three, it is quite lonely. This winter I have read a great many books, and I have quite a few correspondents, as I enjoy letter writing very much. It is quite dreary in the country during the winter, but very beautiful in spring time, as the fields are full of wild flowers and ferns. I am sure anyone would like this state in summer, it has such lovely scenery.

I was in Chicago two years last fall, near Lincoln park, and had a grand time. I was visiting my sister, and am longing for another trip there. Perhaps you would like to know the age of this "corn-cracker" girl. Well, I haven't joined the Bachelor Girls' Club yet. Let's hear from more of you young ladies and gents.—A Kentucky Girl.

SCHOOL TEACHERS, NOTICE

I have just been reading the Peace Page and could not resist the temptation to write as I have never done so before. Perhaps a few words about myself will be of interest. I live in the good old state of West Virginia in the famous Flat Top coal field, where everything is hustle and push. I could not help thinking of two other mothers of men when I read the "Mother of Men" in The Blade of February 8. I am the oldest of five boys, and we have all left the good old farm to make homes for ourselves. How glad we are to visit the old home, and as equally glad are the two old folks to see us come. The other mother I mentioned is my better half. She is now rocking the seventh son.

I would like to see some letters from school teachers if they will write and give their experiences in teaching. I have been teaching for 21 years, beginning when I was 19, so you know just how old I am. I think that mine is a noble profession and one that a person should be proud of. Dear Miss Ayres has passed away, but she has done much good for many, and we hope that the one who has taken her place will do just as much.—J. H. H., Flat Top, W. Va.

OUR COOK BOOK

By BLADE HOUSEKEEPERS

Snow Flake Rolls.

Dissolve two yeast cakes in one pint of lukewarm water and add three tablespoons of condensed milk, one teaspoon of salt and one-fourth of a cup of melted butter. Add flour as for baking powder biscuit. Let it rise twice in a warm place. Roll and cut out with a small biscuit cutter, brush with melted butter and fold over. Let rise three-fourths of an hour and bake in a hot oven. Use bread flour. If these are mixed at 8:30 they are done at 12 noon.—Mrs. S. H. Redding, Mass.

Fruit Salad.

Two boxes of strawberry gelatine dissolved in one quart of boiling water and set in a cool place to harden. Pare and cut fine with a silver knife, four oranges, five apples and five bananas and add one large cup of chopped English walnuts. When the jelly has hardened add the fruits and nuts. Let it stand about one-half hour and then serve it. It is very nice with whipped cream—Mrs. Lillie Hill.

Mince Meat.

Four pounds of lean meat (beef) chopped fine after being cooked tender. One pound of suet run through the food chopper. Eight pounds of chopped apples, two pounds of raisins and two pounds of currants. Six pounds of sugar, one tablespoon each of allspice, cinnamon and cloves and two tablespoons of salt. Take the beef broth and enough vinegar to suit taste and boil all together till done. Seal up tight, so that it will keep.—Mrs. H. of Washington.

Chocolate Loaf.

Two squares of chocolate, the yolk of one egg, one tablespoon of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, and cook the mixture in a double boiler. When almost cool add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, two tablespoons of melted butter, one teaspoon of soda dissolved, one pinch of salt and one teaspoon of vanilla.—Mrs. Pressler of Pa.

Lumberman's Toast.

Cut slices of bread as for toast, butter one side, and toast the other side over coals. A gasoline oven may be used, but it is better toasted over the coals of a fire in the woods.—D, A. I., Mich.

Banana Pie.

One and one-half cups of sweet milk, two tablespoons of corn starch, the yolks of two eggs. Save a little of the milk to use in the starch. Five tablespoons of sugar. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together, and when the milk comes to a boil add the starch, then the sugar and eggs. Cook about three minutes, take from the fire and add vanilla. Bake your crust on the outside of your tin, when done, slice as many bananas as you wish into the crust and then the filling. Beat the white of the eggs with a little granulated sugar. Spread this on the top and brown in the oven if desired.—Friend from Pa.

Snow Pudding.

Dissolve three tablespoons of corn starch with cold water. Then pour in one pint of boiling water and beat well the whites of three eggs, stirring them in it. Use granite dish. Let it steam for 10 or 15 minutes. The sauce for the same should be made according to the following recipe. Beat the yolks of three eggs in one cup of sugar. Then the same amount of milk. Add one tablespoon of butter. Boil till quite thick. If enough is made to leave over it is nice cold.

A reader wants a good recipe for a preparation to keep cucumber pickles hard and crisp. She used a gallon of vinegar, not too strong, one-half cup of salt and one-half cup of ground mustard, but the pickles have become very soft. Can anyone offer a safe and simple way?

A recipe for a nourishing broth to be made for an invalid is desired, and any new ways to make palatable the odds and ends of various foods.

Chicken Pie.

Wash and joint your chicken. Put two tablespoons of fresh lard in a kettle and when smoking hot turn in the chicken and stir for a couple of minutes, then add enough boiling water to cover. Add salt and pepper to taste. Stew until tender. Take the chicken out and thicken the gravy. For the dough use one quart of flour into which sift one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt. Rub one-half cup of lard into the above mixture, then add enough buttermilk, or sour milk, a little at a time, to make a dough which may be handled easily. Put the chicken into a pan and cover with gravy. Then roll the dough into a sheet, rather thick. Cut two or three slits in it to let steam escape and cover the chicken with gravy. Bake from 25 to 35 minutes, or until thoroughly done. If desired, three or four medium sized potatoes sliced thin may be cooked with the chicken, when the meat is nearly done.—Ill.

THE BLADE BOYS AND GIRLS

One Who Likes Michigan.

Jolly Juniors—Having seen a letter, sometime ago, among those from the boys and girls, requesting a description of Harbor Springs, I will endeavor, in my homely way, to tell you what I know of the resort, for I, too, have walked along that beach among the birches and slender trees, along those paths that so many feet have trodden; past the long line of cottages at the right, some near the beach and others in more secluded places. Each cottage contributes its share of beauty in the way of flower gardens of many colors, shapes and sizes, and here and there are seen cozy, rustic summer houses, while there are numerous fountains. At the left we see the harbor and just beyond, the open water of the bay. Isn't it delightful to see the whitecaps toss to and fro and the boats rock in the little waves? If you have ever been among those northern hills you will have seen them in summer looking blue in the distance and brown in autumn after Jack Frost has silently crept over them.

That is the time of year when we all love to glide smoothly along in our canoes and, with plenty of good company, necessary tents, eatables and fishing tackle, to start for three or four days' camping, but do not forget your frying pan, for, after all, the principal joy of fishing is the eating of the catch.

I believe I have seen at least 100 of the 5,000 lakes of Michigan. Come with me next spring, Agnes, and I will show you where beautiful May flowers grow, of the most delicate tints; lavender, pink and blue. I will take you to the very places where we gathered great bouquets of fragrant, trailing arbutus and, if you are a lover of flowers and nature, I can tell you where to find a whole swamp of ladyslippers and blossoms of the pitcher plants growing on a thick carpet of moss. Yes, and we will walk along some of the pretty fern-bordered roads through the woods and see the giant oaks, elms, maples and pines and hear the little squirrels chatter and the birds sing. If we are quiet we may get a glimpse of a deer.

If you care to stay with me until early winter I will show you fairy chains and pretty wreaths that the same busy fellow, Jack Frost, hangs on the evergreens. I love to talk of dear, old Michigan, and am going there again when school closes. I would like to tell you of our school, but I am fraid I have written such a long letter that it will only see the waste basket.—The girl from Harlem, Indiana.

An Honor Roll Boy.

Dear Blade Boys and Girls—I am a little boy 9 years old. My birthday is on the 25th day of December. I wonder how many of the little boys and girls' birthdays come on Christmas. All that do write and tell me through The Blade. I wonder how many of the boys and girls are going to get their names on the honor roll. I got my name on it last year and am entitled to it this year. All that have the honor roll book for 1910 and 1911 look on page six and you will see my letter. I would like to have one of you tell me your favorite authors. Holmes, Longfellow and Bayard Taylor are some of mine. I love to study literature and I do enjoy asking questions about it. So I will give one for the little class. What was the saddest poem that was ever written? Some boy or girl answer this. In my next letter I will give you a list of West Virginia authors and I would like each boy and girl that writes to The Blade to give a list of authors from their own state. I will promise you a dozen from mine. Hoping to hear from more boys and girls I will close.—Lester James, W. Va.

Two Little Girls.

Dear Blade Boys and Girls—May we join your happy band? We live in Shinglehouse, which is situated among the hills in the gas and oil regions of Pennsylvania. We are two little girls, 9 and 11 years old. We have a pony, three cats and two dogs. Our hobbies are embroidering, music and being kind. As we are afraid of the waste basket we had better close. From your little friends, Helen and Veatrice Ainey, Pa.

SHORT AND SWEET

Bernardine Alice Mebach, Box 27, Oceanside, California, would like to hear from the girls whose birthdays come on April 5.

Fay Paul, Indiana—Thank you for the poem. We think your letters very interesting, and we only wish we might publish all the letters that come. But try again, as the next time might be lucky.

Minnie Cooper, W. Va.—Better luck next time. Your little letter came too late and we could not do as you requested. Don't be discouraged, however, for each and all shall have their turn.

Della Wiles, R. F. D. 1, Ray, Ohio, would like to hear from some of the little readers of The Blade.

Oma Swain, W. Va.—That is the very nicest hobby we have heard for a long time. Let us have more letters from you.

"How many of the boys and girls sent postcards to Molly Stacey, the little shut-in girl?" writes a little friend from Crumtown, Ohio. How many did?

Helen Miller of Indiana—You will have to become a member of Our Ardent Lovers of Dishwashing Society, if you like work so well.

Isaphene McQuiston, Pa.—That was a splendid letter you wrote us, but it hinted of so many good things to come that we would like to wait until you write us a larger letter.

Ollie Harper, W. Va., writes that she is fonder of the children's letters in The Blade than she is of ever her cat, and she thinks that the cat is "the best that ever was." That is an encouraging word for us all.

Dumb Animal Stories

The Family Cow—II.

I am only a cow and my name is Min. My owners think a great deal of me. I give nice rich milk for the children to drink with their bread, and my mistress skims off the cream and makes it into butter.

Some folks think I am not pretty because my coat is white with red spots on my side and head. A great many people do not like a white cow; they say she shows the dirt too much. I am not a very dirty cow for my owners keep my stall sweet and clean in winter and keep a nice lot of straw for me to sleep on at night. In the summer I can lie down on the pretty green grass and the warm showers of rain wash me clean. When the sun comes out from behind the clouds it dries my coat of hair and I look as nice as a little boy with a clean suit on.

I have always lived with this family and have never had as much trouble as some cows have. Sometimes my master takes my babies from me and puts them in a big wagon with a frame around it. Then he drives away

and I never see my little darlings any more.

Once I heard my master say to another man that he thought my calf was fat enough for veal. Then they took it away and I was grieved, for I knew its poor little head would be cut off. I felt so sad I couldn't eat for two or three days and I just walked along the fence and bellowed, for I wanted my baby back again. Little children should be very good and thankful for not being taken away from their mothers when they are babies.

One day the wind blew the fence down and I went with some other cattle into a neighbor's wheat field. A rough boy came to drive us back and threw a rock which hit me on the side of the head and broke my jawbone. It was very painful for a long time and I had to have my food all crushed after that, for I could not eat whole grain or anything hard. But I am still a good cow and enjoy life very much.

—By Mildred Kent.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have a whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line today, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 644 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Tells How She Keeps Her Health—Happiness For Those Who Take Her Advice.

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's VegetableCompound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house.

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has helped her.

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to your wonderful medicine."—Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for woman's ills known.

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PRINCESS TOKIO
NEW WRINKLE TREATMENT MAKES OLD FACES YOUNG

Did you ever see a Japanese woman with wrinkles, irrespective of age? Then learn how they achieve and maintain a smooth face, free from wrinkles. For the first time in America the Princess Tokio treatment is being made known, and it is a revelation. Never before have Christian women been able to solve the secrets of these oriental beauties, whose faces and forms have been the marvel through ages. But at last the treasure-trove has been unlocked, and there is set before every American lady who writes immediately, the full knowledge about this wondrous new method.

The Princess Tokio Booklet of Beauty is a message full of sisterly feeling and sympathy for the American ladies. It tells, without hesitation, all about the Princess Tokio new treatment for removing wrinkles without harmful creams, pastes, lotions, or plasters, or mechanical appliances.

If you are a matron, would you like to look like a girl again? If you are fifty years of age, would you wish to look like a splendid young woman of twenty-five? If you are forty, would you like to look like a girl just out of her teens? Then to you this book will be of great value.

No money will be accepted for the Princess Tokio Booklet about wrinkles. It will be given to you FREE, sealed privately, by one who believes that there has dawned the most splendid day for American women of all ages up to seventy. It is a message of the most hearty good cheer, and so unlike anything American, it is a treat in its unique contents. All you need do is ask for a FREE copy, addressing Princess Tokio, Suite 691, Central Bank Building, Denver, Colorado, U. S. A.

It tells how to remove wrinkles by entirely new treatment in only eight days.

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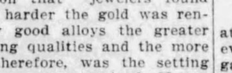

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Man Can Make Camphor.

Harper's Weekly.

Who—unless he be a chemist—would suppose that there exists anything in common between the camphor of the orient and the turpentine obtained from the pine tree in the occident? The two substances have no superficial resemblance, their very odors being different, yet, chemically considered, there is very little difference between them. Turpentine is composed of ten atoms of carbon combined with 16 atoms of hydrogen, and camphor has the same components with the addition of one atom of oxygen.

The best natural camphor comes from Formosa, and the outbreak of the Russian-Japanese war advanced the price to such an extent that the chemists of the world were called upon to contrive a substitute. They soon decided that it would be more practicable to make an artificial camphor. Knowing turpentine to be the substance most nearly allied to it in chemical structure, a series of experiments on a very large scale was begun. A detailed history of these experiments would fill many volumes. Today from a determined quantity of turpentine may be obtained a fourth part of the weight of pure camphor. The success of the experiments was first known when the odor of camphor issued from set combinations. Today man can manufacture, in the laboratory, in 15 days, an amount of camphor which it takes a tree two years to produce.

Savages and Their Wives.

New York Press.

Some of the savages in South America exclude women folk from every sort of public amusement, such as dancing, feasting, celebrating and other outside carrying-on. At such times the women are kept busy serving the savages with roasted monkeys, stewed turtles and crude intoxicating drinks, which the women make by primitive processes of fermentation. If they can afford it, the savages have several wives each, some of the men carrying on the custom of stealing young girls from the neighboring tribes. The savage explains his having several wives this way. "This one does only garden work, and does it well so I keep her at it." Of another, he will say that she is fine at making intoxicating beverages, and so on.

J. Samuels, President.

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When I tell you that I will give you a suit of clothes free and that you can make from $8.00 to $10.00 a day selling Knickerbocker clothes, I mean business and you can depend absolutely on what I say. Why not be your own boss? I am president of this great tailoring company, a gigantic establishment that does over a three million dollar yearly business. We have been in business for years and years and have lowered our cost of production so that we can and do make the most liberal offer of any other firm.

Our Prices Are Lower Than Others

I have started too many ambitious young men in business to make any misstatements as to the wonderful opportunities of representing Knickerbocker clothes. Here is my picture. I wear a Knickerbocker suit. I want YOU to put on one of these suits and go out and sell clothes to your friends. No money necessary. Special agent's offer. Lowest prices, highest quality—guaranteed! Money back if you or customer are dissatisfied. But you won't be. You will be delighted with the fit, quality, workmanship and the low prices and the money you can make. (Suits $8.00 up.)

Now, I can't tell you the whole story here, but I want you to write me a letter and I will sit down and answer that letter and tell you how you can earn the cash and wear one of our beautiful suits free—yes, free. I give you **entire salesman's outfit FREE; we prepay all express charges.** But you must answer immediately as I am going to put on a few more to start as agent right away. Hundreds of summer orders, if you want cash. Actual cases. Just write me like you would your own father. Remember, my boy, that I have started hundreds of young men in the golden ladder of success. Address me personally. J. SAMUELS, Pres.

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The Adler Plan Wipes Out The Middlemen

All Records Broken In Most Stupendous Nation-wide Sale of Organs Ever Known—Competition Entirely Swept Away By My Direct-From-Factory, Free-Home-Trial Selling Plan. It Will Pay You To Read Every Word Below!

An *Adler Organ* in your home will be a never failing source of pleasure, refinement, education and culture, making home the most attractive place on earth, paying for itself over and over again by bringing into your home the one thing that money can not buy—happiness and contentment.

Its value cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Think what a satisfaction it will be to listen to its sweet music—what pleasure to sing to its accompaniment the songs we love with the ones we love best.

I firmly believe that if there were an *Adler Organ* in every home in America we would be better business men, better working men, better farmers, better citizens because of the elevating power of music, and because I wanted to make it possible for every family to know the delights of music, I have originated the wonderful *Adler* plan of selling organs which has made the "*Adler*" a household word, more than 75,000 of these famous organs are now in the homes of the people. The time has arrived—*this very day*—for you to send for my Wonderful Free Organ Catalog. Learn how you can have the World's Best Organ—winner of highest prize at St. Louis World's Fair—sent to your home for 30 Days Trial without paying a cent.

So easy, too, to buy an "*Adler*"! Just send for my Catalog. Select the *Adler* Organ you like best. I will ship it at once. *Have it a month free.* Send no money until you decide to buy. Then, if you decide to keep it, after thorough examination, pay at your convenience in small amounts. I charge no interest. I will do even more than that. If, at the end of a year, the "*Adler*" fails to make good on every point I claim for it, I will refund every dollar you have paid. And more: I will give you the longest and strongest guarantee ever made on an organ—*for 50 full years.* You see how easy it is to own the finest organ made. I can and will save you $48.75 because I sell direct from the $500,000 *Adler* Organ Factory (greatest in existence) at lowest wholesale factory prices. The *Adler Plan* thoroughly wrecks all retail organ prices, mercilessly sponging out *all* "in between" extra, needless profits to pay on other organs.

Mail Coupon! until you see my plan to save you $48.75. So write for my Organ Book right now; FREE! The Coupon or a Postal will bring it.

CYRUS L. ADLER, President,
Adler Manufacturing Co. Louisville, Ky.

CYRUS L. ADLER, Pres't., Adler M'f'g. Co.,
3189 W. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.
Send me my copy of the Wonderful Free Illustrated Adler Organ Book.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A Duke Sells Shoes.

The story of how a grand duke, a near relation of the czar of Russia, came to be a boot and shoe dealer on the Nevsky Prospeckt comes from St. Petersburg. Some time ago a woman from Paris appeared in the Russian capital, covered with diamonds. It was loudly whispered that this woman was the protege of the grand duke; that the money that paid for all this display came out of the admiralty treasury and would have paid the crews of many ships in the war with Japan. One evening at a reception this woman was hooted and was obliged to withdraw. The czar drove her away and dismissed the grand duke in disgrace. His career having thus been closed he opened the shoe store. Now he has been pardoned and restored to his rank. But his shoe store continues to do business and all the officers who are under his orders are wise enough to patronize it in order not to put anything in the way of their advancement.

"Solid Gold."

Commercially speaking, the term "solid gold" is a misnomer, since such gold has not been used for many, many years. Some of the ancient Roman jewelry and some of that of the Renaissance period was, indeed, made of pure gold, worked up by hand with the crudest of tools, but since the old day there has been a constantly increasing employment of alloys, for the reason that jewelers found that the harder the gold was rendered by good alloys the greater its wearing qualities and the more secure, therefore, was the setting of the gems, it contained. Nowadays jewelry is of 18, 14 or 10 carats, according to the design and character of the article, and it is much more frequently 10 and 18 carats.

A Plague of Snails.

Bernwala in Ceylon has been afflicted with a veritable plague of snails. The danger of such an invasion does not appear at first because they feed upon filth; but when they have exhausted this source of nutrition they attack the young plants, eating leaves, bark and fruits. It is extremely difficult to exterminate them; the natives dig trenches to stop their progress. They have a few natural enemies, among them being a common mudturle and an ant, phidologton affinis, which destroys the eggs. One method used for protecting the trees is to surround each tree with a ring or cork or fiber impregnated with tar or pitch. This is efficacious, though it involves a great deal of work.

Would Chloroform Murderers.

The suggestion which Warden Weyler of the Maryland state penitentiary makes for the improvement of capital punishment is worthy of notice. It simply is that both hanging and electric chair be replaced by chloroforming. Stripping the act of execution of all spectacular features he would have the condemned privately chloroformed in his cell. The serious objections to such a plan, if there are any, do not appear at first sight. If we find it necessary to kill a dog or a cat in this humane age we don't hang it or electrocute it, we give it chloroform. It seems as if we might do as much for a man.

Religious Orders in Germany.

The trouble which existed in Germany with the vatican in Bismarck's time does not seem to have resulted in any permanent check on the growth of religious orders. We learn through a French source that in 1872 there were 948 convents, with 9,048 members, in Prussia. In 1896 the number of convents is given at 2,049, with a membership of 29,796. The Roman Catholic population in the meantime has grown from 8,268,169 to 13,352,441. For all Germany the numbers given for 1898, the latest known there, are 32,000,000 of Roman Catholics, with 5,200 convents and 60,000 members.

"Those Terrible Ear Noises Have Stopped"

"Those terrible Ear Noises have stopped" is what hundreds of letters are telling me. You remember that on Nov. 9th I offered 300 Treatments for Head Noises, Free, to Toledo Weekly Blade readers, and this is the happy result.

Head Noises! What a picture of intolerable suffering these words bring to mind. Reader, if you have Head Noises, I know well that no words of mine can describe the weary misery. But you are the one to appreciate the blessed relief in the words "My Head Noises have stopped," and these are the words which every day's mail brings me.

The joy and gratitude of the people who received the 300 free treatments offered in this paper last November has been so great and their appeals for friends so urgent that I am going to offer again.

200 TREATMENTS FREE

Think what it would mean to no longer suffer with these intolerable, roaring noises—the whistling—the escaping steam—the hum of insects—the buzzing—all the weary catalogue of sounds, which at times make you feel that they must stop, or you will go insane. Perhaps, too, your hearing is beginning to fail, but whether it has or not, you know in your heart of hearts that it will go and the voice of science warns you in unmistakable terms, if you have Head Noises, sooner or later, you will be deaf.

Here is your opportunity. Send for one of my Free Treatments and see my method which has cured hundreds in just your condition. Just drop me a note or a post card asking for a Treatment for Head Noises Free. You will never regret it.

This offer and talk is for YOU. Perhaps you have tried other things and become discouraged. Perhaps you have been told there is no help. Perhaps you are carelessly neglecting your case from day to day, thinking it will get well of itself.

Make just this small effort. Send for one of my Free Treatments. It won't cost you a penny. See this successful new treatment and the method which has cured many, many people with Head Noises just like yours.

Write today for Free Head Noises treatment.

DEAFNESS SPECIALIST SPROULE
43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

CONVICTS MURDER GUARDS AND FLEE

Three Inmates of Nebraska Prison Blaze Way to Gate and Escape.

Lincoln, Neb., March 15.—Three prisoners at the Nebraska penitentiary at Lancaster, three miles south of here, yesterday afternoon assassinated Warden James Delahunty, Deputy Warden Charles Wagner, Usher A. C. Heilman and wounded Cell House Keeper Doody.

The three convicts then made their escape from the front entrance of the prison and were swallowed up in the blizzard that is raging here. The killing was done by Convicts Morley, Taylor and Dowd, each sentenced for bank robbery. Morley previously had served time in Missouri for murder.

Blew Off Steel Lock.

The trio attacked Deputy Warden Wagner in his office, just off the chapel, which looks out into the prison yard. Doody was shot just outside the cell house, of which he was the keeper.

The murderers, after blowing off the lock of the steel door which leads into the public entrance of the prison, rushed the turnkey at the point of a revolver, forced him to unlock another door, took his keys and let themselves into the main corridor.

Before the men let themselves out they had shot Warden Delahunty and Usher Heilman by firing through the barred doors, the two men having rushed out of their offices into the main corridor when the first shot was heard. The warden was shot once and Heilman twice. As the trio rushed past the warden another bullet was fired into his body as he leaned against a door casing.

Other Convicts Stay.

None of the other convicts attempted to escape. The turnkey immediately locked the remaining convicts in their cells. As soon as news of the uprising reached the governor's office the local company of state militia was sent by special train to the penitentiary. Sheriff Hyers and Chief of Police Hunger also started with posses.

Governor Aldrich directed that Adjutant General Phelps be put in temporary charge of the penitentiary. It is believed weapons were smuggled in to the convicts by former prisoners.

A spirit of unrest has been prevalent among the convicts for more than a month and on February 11 a negro convict, Albert Prince, fatally stabbed Deputy Warden E. D. Davis during the chapel service. No attempt was made at a general outbreak at this time, although the convicts were assembled in the pews.

EXPLOSION KILLS 25

Buildings Wrecked When Locomotive Explodes in Southern Pacific Yards at San Antonio.

San Antonio, Texas, March 18.—Twenty-five men are known to have been killed, many more injured and several buildings wrecked today when the boiler of a locomotive exploded in the local yards of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Eighteen bodies have been recovered from the wreckage within two hours after the explosion and more were being removed, while nearby stores and buildings were filled with the injured. The roundhouse and copper shops were practically demolished and many men working in them were hurt by falling walls.

Y. M. C. A. in Rescue Work.

The army hospital corps here was rushed to the yards and police, ambulances and Y. M. C. A. workers were organized into rescue bands to dig out the dead and try to save the lives of the wounded. So mangled were some victims that there seemed to be no hope of piecing the fragments of their bodies together sufficiently to identify them.

The victims were said to be largely men who had been employed as strikebreakers.

Strike-breakers have been working at the Southern Pacific shops here ever since the shop ment's strike began several months ago. After the explosion rumors in the down town section of San Antonio were that dynamite was the cause, but investigation at the yards showed no indication that such rumors had started there.

Little Violence.

San Antonio has been practically free from violence during the strike. The locomotive was standing in the yards near the shops, and the explosion came without warning. Parts of the round house collapsed and several small buildings in the shop enclosure were wrecked, including part of the machine shops. Engines in the roundhouse were smashed as if hit with huge mallets. The roundhouse caught fire. The half-ton jacket of the exploded locomotive boiler dropped between two houses on Duval street, several block distant, while the tender was catapulted several hundred feet and twisted into a big shapeless chunk of steel.

A majority of the men who were killed were from northern and western states, and much difficulty is being experienced in identifying the bodies.

Some Freaks of Force.

Probably the first one of the dead to be identified was Walter Jourdan, of San Antonio, an engineer, who was in the cab when the locomotive exploded.

Robert K. Lipscomb, foreman of the shops, a local man, was picked from his feet hurled 30 feet and rose, semi-conscious, grasping in his hand the hat of a dead man.

Inside the machine and blacksmith shops the greatest loss of life was noted. Here 15 or more men were killed, portions of their bodies being found jammed in crevices in the roof, sides, or entangled in machinery. A great portion of the wall fell inward, burying 12 men.

Mrs. B. S. Gillis, 62 years old, in her home, seven blocks away, was probably fatally injured when the front end of the locomotive crashed into the roof, demolishing three rooms and continuing through to the ground floor of the house.

In addition to all available medical and relief organizations, a squad of Third United States Cavalry and the city's entire police force joined in the relief work.

China not only raises enough cotton to supply probably four-fifths of the immense requirements of over 400,000,000 people, but exports the fiber in increasing amounts, particularly to Japan, where it is made into yarn and cloth largely for resale to China. Statistics of production or consumption are not to be had.

REBEL MARCHES ON PEKING

Sheng-Yun, With 10,000 Followers, Has Yuan Shi Kai Scared.

London, March 16.—General Sheng Yun, with his army of 10,000 troops from the province of Kan Su, who was reported a few days ago to be marching on Peking after defeating a Republican army, continues his advance on the capital in spite of the appeals of President Yuan Shi Kai, according to a news agency dispatch received here from Tien Tsin.

A telegram from Mukden says that General Chang Tsao Lin is expected to march on Peking at any moment with an army from Manchuria to co-operate with General Sheng Yun.

The gravest apprehensions are felt in Peking.

EXPORTS WERE $2,013,500,000

Government Finds America Sent That Sum Abroad Last Year.

Washington, March 18.—Twenty billion dollars is the value of the present annual output of American factories, the total having just doubled during the past 10 years, according to a commerce and labor department estimate. Exports from the United States in 1911 amounted to over $2,013,500,000, of which only $900,000 was in manufactures. This, the department points out, shows that the bulk of the export trade is acquired through no selling effort, but is due to the fact that foreign buyers come to America for cotton, corn and wheat that they must have.

Germany is credited with being the greatest rival of the United States in commerce.

Sometimes there is doubt as to who says the most foolish things, college professors or preachers who are seeking philosophy.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., March 18.—Most of the morning trading hours, wheat was rather slow and uninteresting. Liverpool, at midday, was nervous, and a shade higher, but European crop news, on the whole, was favorable. About the only complaint from across the water on growing wheat comes from the British Isles. Toledo cash opened at $1.00, May at $1.01⅜, July at $1.00¼ and September at 98c. These prices show few changes from yesterday's close.

Wheat advanced after first hour and closed about ¼c up as follows Cash, $1.00¼, May $1.01⅝, July $1.00⅝, September 98¼c.

While about ¼c higher on the call, corn soon settled back to Monday's final prices. May opened at 72¼c, July at 72⅝c and September at 73c.

Prospects of colder weather firmed up coarse grains. Cash closed at 70c, May 72½c, July 73c, September 73c.

May oats started unchanged at 53⅜c, July at 51½c and September at 44c. At 10 a. m. values were ⅜c to ½c lower.

Cash oats closed at 55¼c, May 55½c, July at 51½c and September at 44¼c. Cold weather will delay planting.

Clover seed arrivals were 100 bags against 460 a year ago. Shipments were 930 against 1,203 a year ago. The market opened about 10c down, with cash and March at $13.40, April at $13.05 and October at $9.15.

Rather free selling forced clover seed about 15c down to the following closing level. Cash and March $13.35, April $13.00, October $9.10.

TOLEDO.

	High.	Low.	Mar. 19.	Mar. 18.
Wheat—Open.			**Close—**	
Cash	1.00	1.00½	1.00¼	1.00
May	1.01⅜	1.00	1.01⅝	1.01⅝
July	1.00¼	1.00⅝	1.00⅝	1.00¼
Sept.	98	98¼	98⅛	98⅛
Corn—				
Cash			70	69⅝
May	72⅛		72½	72
July	72⅝		73	72⅝
Sept.	73		73	72⅝
Oats—				
Cash			55¼	55¼
May	55⅝	55⅜	55⅝	55¼
July	51½		51⅝	50⅝
Sept.	44	43⅝	44¼	43⅜
Clover Seed—				
Cash	13.40		13.35	13.50
March	13.40		13.35	13.50
April	13.05		13.00	13.25
April	9.15		9.10	9.20
No. 2		13.00@13.10		
No. 3		12.80@12.90		
Rejected		12.50@12.60		
N. E. G.		9.00@12.25		
Rye—				
No. 2		92	92	
Timothy—				
Cash		7.00	7.07½	
March		7.00	7.07½	
Alsike—				
Cash		13.00	13.12½	
March		13.00	13.12½	

CHICAGO.

Wheat—				
May	1.01⅝	1.02⅝	1.02	1.01⅝
July	98¼	98⅝	98⅝	98⅜
Sept.	96	96⅜	96⅛	95⅞
Corn—				
May	70⅜	71½	71	70⅜
July	71⅜	71⅞	71⅝	71
Sept.	71¼	71⅝	71⅜	71⅛
Oats—				
May	53	53¼	53⅛	52⅝
July	48⅞	49⅝	49⅜	48⅝
Sept.	41⅞	42⅝	42⅜	41⅞

NEW YORK.

Wheat—				
May	1.06⅛	1.07	1.06½	1.06⅝
July			1.04⅛	1.04

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—				
May	1.00⅞	1.01¼	1.00⅝	1.00⅝
July	95⅝	96¼	95⅝	95½

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—				
May			1.06½	1.06
July			1.07⅛	1.06⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—				
May			1.06⅝	1.06
July			1.07⅛	1.06⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—				
May	16.25	16.35	16.27	16.20
July	16.50	16.62	16.55	16.45
Sept.	16.85	16.90	16.82	16.85	16.20
Lard—				
May	9.50		9.52	9.47
July	9.70		9.70	9.67
Sept.	8.87		9.00	9.85
Ribs—				
May	9.10		9.15	9.05
July	9.25	9.27	9.25	9.15
Sept.	9.42	9.45	9.42	9.37

New York Stocks.

New York, March 19, 1912.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Am. Loco. com	37⅝	37⅝	37⅜	37⅜
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	122⅝	122⅞	122⅜	122⅝
Atchison	106¼	106⅜	106	106⅛
Am. Cer & F. Co.	55⅝	56	55⅝	55⅝
Anaconda	40⅜	40⅞	39⅞	39⅞
Amal. Copper	74½	75	74⅛	74⅜
Am. Smelters	77¼	77¼	76⅜	77
Am. Ag. Chem. com.	60⅞	61⅜	60⅝	61⅜
Am. Sel Pdg.	95	30⅜	29⅝	29⅝
Am. Tel. & Tel.	147⅝	148	147⅜	147⅝
Am. Tobacco pfd.	104⅜	104⅞	104½	104½
Am. Beet Sugar	57⅜	57⅜	57½	57⅜
Bosc. com.	151¼	151¼	151¼	151¼
Balt. & Ohio	104⅛	104⅜	104⅛	104⅜
B'lyn R. Trans	80⅜	81⅝	80⅜	81
Cast. I. Pipe com.	16⅛	16⅝	16⅛	16⅝
Cast. I. Pipe pfd.	52⅜	52⅜	52⅜	52⅜
Beth. Steel com.	30¼	30½	30¼	30⅜
Chicago & G. W.	18⅜	18⅝	18⅜	18⅝
Chicago G. W. pfd.	36	36⅛	35⅞	36⅛
Canadian Pac.	233¼	233⅝	232½	232⅝
Ches. & Ohio	76⅞	77¼	76⅞	77
Central Leather	23½	24	23⅜	24
Consolidated Gas	141¼	141¼	141	141
Can common	16⅝	16⅝	16⅛	16⅜
Can pfd.	98	98¼	96¾	97¼
Chino Copper	26⅞	26¼	25⅞	26⅛
Corn Product com.	12¾	12⅞	12⅜	12⅝
Distillers' Sec.	31¼	31¼	31	31
Erie com.	27⅝	27⅝	26⅝	26½
Erie 1st pfd.	57⅛	57⅛	56⅝	56⅞
Erie 2nd pfd.	47	47	47	47
Gt. Northern pfd.	133	134	132¾	133⅝
Gt. Northern Ore.	40	40½	39⅝	40
Ill. Central	128	128¼	127½	127½
Int. Harvester com.	115	115½	114⅜	114½
Interborough com.	18⅜	18⅝	18⅛	18⅝
Interborough pfd.	58	58⅜	57⅞	58
K. C. So. com.	27	27⅜	27	27⅜
Lehigh Valley	164	164	163	163
Louis. & Nash.	156¼	156⅜	156⅛	156⅛
Laclede Gas	104¼	104¼	104⅛	104⅛
Merc. Marine pfd.	21	21	20⅝	20⅝
Missouri Pacific	44⅛	44⅜	43⅝	43⅝
M. S. M.	139⅝	139⅝	139⅝	139⅝
M., K. & T. com.	29¼	29⅝	28⅞	28⅝
Miami	24	24	23⅞	24
North. Pacific	120⅜	121⅛	120	120⅜
National Lead	55⅛	55⅝	54¾	55½
Nevada Con's.	19⅛	19⅜	19⅛	19⅛
Northwestern	141	141	141	141
North Am. Co.	80	80	80	80
N. Y. Central	113	113	112⅝	113
N. & W. com.	109	109	108⅝	109
Ont. & Western	37	37	37	37
Penn. Ry.	124⅜	124⅝	124	124⅜
Pacific Mail	32	32	32	32
Ray Con's.	17⅜	17⅝	17⅛	17⅜
Reading com.	156⅛	157⅜	156⅛	156½
Rock Island com.	25⅞	26⅛	25⅞	26⅛
Rock Island pfd.	51⅝	51⅝	51¼	51⅝
Rep. I. and S. Co.	21¾	22	21¾	21⅝
Rep. pfd.	73½	73½	73	73
Ry. Steel Springs	31	31	31	31
South. Ry.	29⅛	29⅝	29⅛	29⅝
South. Ry. pfd.	74⅜	74⅜	74⅜	74⅜
St. Paul	108¾	109	108	108⅝
South. Pacific	109⅝	111¼	109⅝	111¼
So. Pac. Con. 4's.	96¼	96⅝	96¼	96¼
Sloss-Shef. com.	45	45	45	45
Tol. Rys. & Lt.	3½	3½	3½	3½
Texas Oil Co.	95	95	95	95
Texas Pacific	23½	23½	23½	24⅛
Tenn. Copper	38⅝	38⅝	38⅛	38¼
Union Pacific	168⅜	168⅜	167⅝	168⅜
Un. Pac. Con. 4's.	102⅜	102½	102⅜	102⅝
U. S. Steel com.	67¼	67¼	66⅝	66⅝
U. S. Steel pfd.	111⅝	111⅞	111⅛	111⅞
U. S. Steel 5's.	102⅞	103	102⅞	103
U. S. Rubber com.	52	52⅝	51⅝	51⅞
Utah Copper	57⅞	58⅛	57¾	57½
Virginia Chem.	53⅝	53⅝	53	53
Western Md.	61⅜	61½	61⅜	61½
Western Union	84⅜	84⅝	84⅛	84⅝
Westinghouse	74½	74½	74½	74½

Money and Stocks.

New York, March 19.—(Wall Street.)—Yesterday's late buying movement was resumed on a fairly large scale at the opening of today's stock market. Advances included one point in Reading, Illinois Central and American Can preferred. Great Northern Ore certificates were up two with substantial gains in Union Pacific, Lehigh Valley, Rock Island, American Smelting, Amalgamated Copper and allied shares.

Bull operations were conducted along conservative lines and prices were marked up in a normal fashion. Some of the favorite stocks were pushed up steadily, including Reading, Lehigh Valley and Amalgamated Copper, but Union Pacific and United States Steel showed periods of hesitancy when the realizing sales outweighed the new buying. Various minor shares rose from ½ to 2 points, with marked partiality shown for the low priced issues.

Trading in the early session was larger than in the same period of the previous day and leading stocks were decidedly more active. Reading and Lehigh Valley were helped by the more conciliatory attitude of the coal owners and American Smelting's rise was credited to Washington advices, which absolved the company from wrong-doing. Amalgamated Copper went to a new high price for this movement on confirmation of another advance in metal quotations. Hill railway stocks did not gain appreciably in the early gains of the Great Northern ore certificates and United States Steel was the most backward of the speculative issues. Further activity in American Can and Rock Island called renewed attention to the activities of an influential factor in those properties. Early gains were followed by the inevitable profit-taking with resultant recessions of a point in various issues.

Bonds were irregular.

Belated interests in the Harriman stocks infused some strength into the market and the decline stopped. Southern Pacific was the feature, rising to 110½. Union Pacific managed to get back to where it left off yesterday, after which the buying of the stock suddenly ceased.

Concentrated buying of a few stocks caused some handsome advances, especially in Northern Pacific and Brooklyn Transit. Otherwise the market was listless during the greater part of the afternoon, although displaying a generally good undertone.

Toledo Produce.

As was predicted, the Elgin Dairy Board made no change in butter prices at its weekly meeting Monday afternoon. Eggs have held practically steady for the last few days and continued bright weather is expected to increase receipts materially.

Chickens are ready and scarce, but there will be a stronger pressure than ever applied to the market after the first of the month, when the Jewish holidays start. Extra-large birds will be in special demand and prices may advance to some extent. Dressed ducks bring 22c and turkeys 15c alive. Web foot poultry, ducks especially, has been very scarce this month. Veal calves are weak as ever and commission houses are selling prime offerings at 9c. The price continues to range from 9c to 11c. Light dressed hogs sell from 8¼c to 9c. Packers advanced sugar cured hams ½c to 14c.

California lemons are selling from $4.00 to $4.50, the level being 25c to 50c lower than that of a week ago. Complaints of frosted California oranges continue to be heard. There has been a big demand this week for all kinds of green vegetables. Dealers attribute the increased interest to bright, mild weather.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 30½@31c; solid pack, 29½@30c.

Process Butter—Per 30 lb. tubs, 27c; rolls and prints, 28c; dairy, prime, 25c; packing stock, 20c; ol. oo, 17@21c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 17@18c; New York state, 18c; brick, 22c; limburger, 19@20c; Swiss, domestic, 22c; imported, 32c.

Eggs—Candled, fresh, 23c; strictly fresh, 23c; current receipts, 21c.

Onions—Home-grown, 100 lbs., yellow, $3.50@4.00; red

'POWERS OF PILLAGE WAR ON ROOSEVELT'

—EX-SENATOR BEVERIDGE

Indiana Statesman Recounts Record of Roosevelt and Shows How Nation's Welfare Is Involved.

Indianapolis, March 14.—"The powers of pillage do not intend to let Republican voters nominate Theodore Roosevelt. These forces are not partisan. They are for any man of any party as against Roosevelt."

With this declaration, former United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge denounced antagonists of the candidacy of Colonel Roosevelt for the Republican nomination for the presidency and praised his public policies in an address at a meeting last night in the interest of Roosevelt's candidacy.

"The instinctive judgment of the masses is never wrong," said Mr. Beveridge, "and the decree of the supreme court of American public opinion is that the man who today best represents that well-being and uplift which the American people want is he who has so bravely worked their will and achieved their purpose in the past, Theodore Roosevelt."

Mr. Beveridge said in part:

As party men we want to win. As citizens we want the great forward movement in American life to go on. That is why we want, as our candidate for president, the leader of that movement and the man who surely can be elected, Theodore Roosevelt.

What Republican do Democratic politicians most fear? The mere prospect of Roosevelt's nomination scared the Democratic politicians so badly that they actually proposed to put off the date of the Democratic national convention. Before then, they believed that they would have a walkaway next November.

But this is no mere struggle for political office. It is no ordinary party contest. The welfare of a nation is wrapped up in this fight. The prosperity of honest business and the daily bread of wage-earners is involved. If we nominate a candidate who will be beaten, the result will be what happened to the country once before under the same conditions. No man the Democrats can nominate will make as strong a president as Cleveland was. The Democratic leaders in the house of 1912 are not the equals of the Democratic leaders in the house of 1893. On the other hand, the Democratic Gormans in the senate of that day were no stronger than those who now stand in the senate for what Gorman stood for then. So Republican defeat in 1912 would mean just what it did in 1892.

Four such years will be hard enough on the hundreds of thousands of honest business men of the country, but it will be harder on the millions of men who earn their bread by the sweat of their faces. To these latter it will mean the touch of hunger. And to these four lean years two more years to recover from them. Take these six years out of the life of a business man 50 years of age and you have taken from him much; but take six years out of the life of a workingman 50 years of age and you have taken from him well nigh all.

This country's chief commercial need today is steady, honest business conditions. But there can be no business peace until there is business justice. Uncertainty is the worst foe of honest business; and there can be no certainty under our present business laws. We must have just and modern laws which will let honest business know what it can do on the one hand; and keep out of the pockets of the people the criminal fingers of lawless interests on the other hand.

If we concede that any candidate that we name will stand for such business reform, still the practical question comes as to which candidate can be elected, and, when elected, can get these needed reforms written into laws. Roosevelt can do both. Some good men think right and mean well, but cannot get things done. Roosevelt has the gift of achievement. It is not a question of whom we shall honor most, but who can serve us best. Business peace and steady prosperity mean more to us than any man's political fortune.

So we see that the naming of a Republican candidate for President searches out the very heart of the present physical well-being of 90,000,000 of people as well as a steady and continuous prosperity and the nation's future moral and political progress. This means too much to every one of us for us to let officeholders frame up our ticket and platform for us. It means too much to every fireside in the land for us to let the combine succeed which now is trying to suppress the people's will. Those who do the electing should do the nominating.

The truth is, that the powers of pillage do not intend to let Republican voters nominate Theodore Roosevelt. These forces are not partisan. They are for any man of any party as against Roosevelt. They know if Roosevelt is nominated he will be elected. And they know better than anybody else what Roosevelt's election means to their practices. Therefore, the real struggle is to keep Republican voters from nominating Roosevelt. What was done in the Third Missouri district is being done and will be done in different ways all over the country. It is being done here and now in Indianapolis.

Why They Hate Him.

And why all this hatred of Roosevelt? Why these outlaw attempts to defeat him? Let history answer. It will tell you that all such champions of human rights, as Roosevelt has been and is, were attacked in their day just as Roosevelt is attacked in our day. Let Roosevelt's own record answer. It will tell you that this great-hearted man struck with any weapon he could find, every robber of the people and every power that set itself above the nation. And now they are striking Roosevelt.

Who brought suit against the beef trust? Theodore Roosevelt. Who brought suit against the Standard Oil Co.? Theodore Roosevelt. Who brought suit against the tobacco trust? Theodore Roosevelt. Who brought suit against Morgan and Hill's railroad trust? Theodore Roosevelt. Who brought suit against Morgan's New England railroad combine? Theodore Roosevelt. And who dismissed it? Wickersham. Who agreed to the reorganization of the oil trust and the tobacco trust? Wickersham.

We hear that the oil and tobacco trusts are dissolved. Yet they go on raising the prices of oil and tobacco. We hear that the oil monopoly is no more. Yet the Indiana Standard Oil Co., which is a part of the oil trust, only a few days ago declared a dividend of $29,000,000. This is the same company that was fined $29,000,000 by Judge Landis. It has paid this dividend. It did not pay that fine.

Yet, we in Indiana, are told that Roosevelt is a friend of the trusts. The chief Indiana supporter of Mr. Taft for the nomination is the all-powerful Indianapolis News, although it will not support him or any other Republican for election.

But we do not now read in The News a word about officeholders and bosses and packed conventions. Yet never before did officeholders so violate decency and law as they are doing now to beat Roosevelt. But not one word about it in our great public journal. Thousands of words in 1908 about officeholders and packed conventions; but not a syllable in 1912 about the political efforts of Kealing in Texas of Penrose in Pennsylvania or Crane in New England or Smoot and Guggenheim in Utah, Colorado and the mountain states, or the Southern Pacific in California and the coast. Is this fair play?

What Roosevelt Has Done.

What did Theodore Roosevelt fight for and what did he get done during these seven historic years? I shall mention only a few out of nearly two score lasting things which that great President actually accomplished. Every one of those achievements was a blow at the ancient and criminal system which has oppressed the American people for decades and kept our laws, both of business and humanity, far behind those of the whole civilized world.

Today everybody admits that the department of commerce and labor is a blessing. Yet that department was created because Theodore Roosevelt recommended and fought for it. Would any business man, any laboring man, any citizen vote to abolish the department of commerce and labor now? Yet when it was proposed I heard it denounced as revolutionary and unconstitutional.

Under Theodore Roosevelt, for the first time in the history of our government, the power of the nation over the nation's railroads was put into law. The railroads fought that law to their savage utmost. Roosevelt put it through.

The plunderers of the people's natural resources had been using the people's priceless forests to make quickly for themselves gigantic fortunes. Roosevelt stopped that. The fact that we have a forest service at all and that the lumber trust has had the nation's timber taken from its lawless and greedy hands is due to Theodore Roosevelt.

The great irrigation law which, in the last few years, has reclaimed hundreds of thousands of acres of desert and made them the rich homes of scores of thousands of prosperous people, was the work of Theodore Roosevelt. The improvement of waterways and the reservation of water power sites, which means so much to the nation's future, was begun by him. Conservation of our natural resources is now a fundamental national policy. Roosevelt made it such. Did anybody ever hear of it before Roosevelt's time?

And think of the laws to help labor whose passage he secured. No wonder the workingmen love him. There never was a national employers' liability act until Theodore Roosevelt forced its passage. And this is true of the safety appliance act which, in the last few years, has saved hundreds of lives of railroad workingmen and thousands of lives of passengers. In this same group comes our national law which forbids railroad companies to work their crews for an unlimited number of hours, the compensation law for government employees and other laws to help labor.

The beef trust was selling death to the people. We passed a law to end that infamy. The battle was desperate. Only the fact that President Roosevelt used all his power saved the law. Scores of thousands of poor people have been saved from ptomaine poisoning, tuberculosis and other diseases because of this law; and the friends of every person whose life thus has been saved owe that life to Col. Roosevelt. The fight Roosevelt made to pass the meat inspection law also passed the pure food law. These statutes to save the health and lives of the people are only two of the glories of Roosevelt's administration. And what forces fought both laws? The same forces that are fighting Col. Roosevelt now.

We now are completing the greatest work ever undertaken by human hands, the Panama canal. President Roosevelt put through the law for that. For this he has been savagely attacked. When Disraeli secured the Suez canal for the British Empire he, too, was attacked. But today the Suez canal is the great British statesman's one immortal achievement, while the Panama canal is only one of our great American stateman's gigantic achievements.

Who does not remember the coal miners' strike of 1902? The miners were starving. The mine owners refused to arbitrate. The whole people were suffering for fuel.

Theodore Roosevelt settled that strike. He did it so honestly and so fairly that both workers and capitalists got justice and were satisfied. And the people got their coal and thousands were saved from death.

During his administration came the war between Russia and Japan. Thousands of lives had been lost and that war, if allowed to spread, threatened to draw other nations into its red whirlpool. Before that time it was unheard of that a nation which had nothing to do with a war should say anything about it. Yet, in the interest of humanity and world peace, Theodore Roosevelt personally interposed and brought that war to a close.

When Theodore Roosevelt became President the Sherman anti-trust law had been on the nation's statute books for more than ten years. Walker, the historian of that law, shows that, until Roosevelt became President, that law was not earnestly enforced. Under Roosevelt 44 suits were brought against criminal trusts—more than under all former administrations put together.

It is said that Roosevelt is in this fight because of ambition. Yet Roosevelt already has had a career unequaled by that of any living man and by few characters in the history of the world. As a member of the legislature of our greatest state he did fine things for righteousness; as police commissioner of our greatest city he gave our metropolis its first experience in rigid law enforcement; as civil service commissioner he did more than any other man to make our civil service decent. As assistant secretary of the navy he prepared our squadrons for the inevitable war with Spain. As a soldier of the republic he risked his life and led his men to victory in the cause of human liberty. As governor of New York he got more done for the good of that state than any other governor in its history. As President of the republic he voiced and led that great forward movement which American conscience demanded and which makes historic the last 10 years of the republic. As a private citizen after his first term of office ended he became and is the most conspicuous personage of the whole world and received from courts and people alike of the first countries of Europe, honor and homage never before given to any man.

In the People's Service.

What more can office or power or life itself have for him to satisfy any ambition? A campaign for his party's nomination for president and for election to that high office means the sacrifice of peace and leisure and home and all that makes life pleasant. Both compaigns mean heartbreaking work and a certainty of slander and abuse. And when elected President, the office means four years more of toil and battle and unhappiness.

Shall we endorse the tariff commission? If so, why have we not gotten a tariff commission? The administration deserves credit that even now, at the eleventh hour, it is for this great reform; but if the administration had supported us Republicans who were fighting for it three years ago it long since would have been the law of the land as fixed as that which creates and guards the interstate commission. The administration came out for a tariff commission and a revision of the tariff, schedule by schedule, two years too late. So for years to come the country will be denied this fundamental fiscal reform. When you want to catch a train it is better to get to the station before the train comes in than to get there after the train has gone out.

But it is said that we owe the nomination to Mr. Taft as a matter of party gratitude. Yet he has held office every day for nearly 30 years at the hands of the Republican party and all but one of these offices came to him by appointment. I am glad he held these offices and make no complaint of it. I mention it only because it is said that our party owes the nomination to Mr. Taft whereas Mr. Taft owes everything to the party. And during nearly all these 30 years, what battle did he ever fight for our party until four years ago? Yet he read lifelong Republicans, like Jonathan Dolliver, out of our party. Still, we are told that we must support him, win or lose, because we owe him our support solely as a party matter.

But we are told that we must not be for Roosevelt because he has been ungrateful to Mr. Taft. I thought it was just the other way around. Roosevelt has done everything for Taft. What has Taft done for Roosevelt? Roosevelt continued and supported him in the Philippines. Roosevelt appointed him secretary of war. Roosevelt supported him for the nomination and election as president; and only Roosevelt's vast influence with the people placed Mr. Taft in the presidential chair. In return Col. Roosevelt asked nothing of Mr. Taft except that he carry out those great policies for the people's well-being that had come to be known as the Roosevelt policies. Still, we are told that Col. Roosevelt is ungrateful to Mr. Taft.

But it is said that a third term means the downfall of the republic. Col. Roosevelt ought to be elected for nothing else than to end this silly superstition. The third term idea came into being 120 years ago when the world was afraid of kings. Today kings merely amuse us. With China and Persia and Turkey overthrowing their ancient dynasties before our eyes; with Russia putting the bridle in the teeth of the czar; with Portugal throwing its kinglet over the cliffs; with Mexico kicking Diaz out of the country—no more comic idea ever was suggested than if we elect the best man to do our work for 11 years instead of 7 years we are going to have a king.

Our children will laugh at us for that. If an emperor is put out of business in China, how long do you suppose a king would last in America? If the people of Norway elect a king just as a matter of convenience and then shout out to him as he passes, "Hello, king," how much reverence do you suppose would be shown to a would-be monarch that tried to set himself up in this republic? I should pity the man who tried to become our king and pity his wife and children more; for not only would he be the object of the jest and jeer of the people, but thousands of patriots would have guns ready for him.

Roosevelt did our work so well that we want him to do it now. He is willing to do it only because we ask him to do it. To choose Roosevelt will not give him anything he has not had already; but it will give us what we want and what we need.

One can start farming here on less capital—

than anywhere," says Mr. H. V. Tull, who went to Jonesboro, Ark., from Naperville, Ill. "We paid only $25 per acre for this land and we get fine crops of corn, cotton, clover, etc. We have good roads, rural free delivery, telephones, schools, etc., *all we had in Illinois.*"

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TRIES TO KILL KING OF ITALY

Anarchist Trembles as He Fires and His Several Shots Miss Victor Emmanuel.

Rome, March 14.—A dastardly attempt to assassinate King Victor Emmanuel of Italy was made by an anarchist in Rome this morning.

The would-be regicide chose for his attempt the anniversary of the birthday of King Humbert, the father of the present king, who died the victim of an assassin's blow at Monza on July 29, 1900.

King Victor Emmanuel was fortunate enough to escape the shots fired at him from a revolver. They were several in number and were aimed from a very long distance.

One of his majesty's bodyguard, however, who was in the immediate vicinity of the king, was dangerously wounded.

The king was just leaving the palace on his way to the Pantheon to attend the annual memorial service in honor of his father, King Humbert. A young man fired several shots from behind the crowd in the street. One of the officers of the king's bodyguard fell, dangerously wounded, but the king was untouched. There was tremendous excitement in the crowd, which turned on the youth and attempted to lynch him. The police finally rescued him from the clutches of the mob.

The king was cool and unruffled amid all the excitement. He continued on his way after only a brief stop and sat through the Pantheon service without a sign of emotion.

The populace handled the would-be assassin so roughly before the police could intervene that the youth was hardly able to speak when he reached the police station.

He gave his name as Antonio Dalba, and declared that he was an "individual anarchist."

Was With Queen.

The attempt on the king's life was made as his majesty, with Queen Elena, were going from palace to the Pantheon to take part in the memorial service in honor of the late King Humbert. The royal carriage was preceded and followed by an escort of cuirassiers.

The procession was passing along the Via Lata when three shots rang out from amid the crowd. The soldiers following the carriage immediately dashed forward and as they did so their commander fell from his horse.

The wounded officer was moved to one side by some of his men while the others dashed up to the royal carriage, where they found the king and queen sitting calm and unmoved.

Crowd Seize Man.

Meanwhile the crowd seized the man who had fired the shots and attempted to lynch him. He was so badly handled that he was scarcely able to answer questions when he was handed over to the police. The royal procession was scarcely interrupted, but proceeded toward the Pantheon, where the mass for King Humbert was completed without further incident, and after the conclusion of the service the king and queen returned to the Quirnal along the same route.

The man who had fired the shots had in the meantime been taken to the police station, the policemen having great difficulty in passing through the crowds of people, who showed intense anger and desired to wreak immediate vengeance.

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BABY IS CONFIRMED SMOKER

Pelham, Mass, March. 18.—Wilbur Rhodes Lovern, 3 years old, has smoked his great-grandfather's pipe since he was a year old. When Wilbur was an infant his grandfather gave him the pipe to play with. Wilbur's mother tried in vain to break him of smoking.

"I took the pipe away from him for a time," the boy's mother says, "but he made such a fuss I had to give it back. When anybody passes he will run out and ask for tobacco."

Mrs. Lovern fears the authorities will not permit her son to attend school unless he gives up smoking. The family physician says the practice is not injuring the child's health.

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Don't wear that old truss any longer. Don't submit to a dangerous operation. Don't suffer pain. Don't lose time from work. Don't worry. Don't be afraid to laugh, cough or sneeze. Don't be ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit. Don't be handicapped in any way. Don't be a slave to your rupture. Don't be a cripple. Don't be a burden to your friends. Don't be a subject for pity. Don't be a prey to quacks. Don't be a victim of fraud. Don't be a fool. Don't be a coward. Don't be a weakling. Don't be a failure. Don't be a dependent. Don't be a pauper. Don't be a beggar. Don't be a thief. Don't be a liar. Don't be a hypocrite. Don't be a sinner. Don't be a saint. Don't be a martyr. Don't be a hero. Don't be a coward. Don't be a weakling. Don't be a failure. Don't be a dependent. Don't be a pauper. Don't be a beggar. Don't be a thief. Don't be a liar. Don't be a hypocrite. Don't be a sinner. Don't be a saint. Don't be a martyr. Don't be a hero.